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WITH EIGHT-PAGE
SUPPLEMENT, SIXPENCE.

The Duke of York.

The Lady Mayoreess.

The Khedive.

The Lord Mayor.

The Prince of Wales.

The Turkish Ambassador.



"THE HEALTH OF THE KHEWIVE": HIS HIGHNESS BOWING IN ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF THE TOAST IN HIS HONOUR AT THE GUILDHALL BANQUET ON JULY 3.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

Is it possible to make this London of ours clean and sweet; to distribute the traffic so that the main thoroughfares shall not be choked, and that pedestrians need not be stranded in the wet on islands in the middle of the roadway until they are bespattered with mud; to reduce the multifarious clamours of the town, if not to harmony, at least to a tolerable murmur, by taming the windpipes of small boys, and of citizens who think their wares will be slighted if they are not proclaimed with the energy (but without the melody) of the *tenore robusto*? You may say this is the dream of an idealist; but, if so, it is a dream inspired by an official document that comes to me from Spring Gardens, with the sign manual of the County Council, setting forth in great detail the measures on which that body proposes to confer with the London vestries. The vestryman is not a quixotic reformer. He has a conscience which rejoices in the collective name of Rates, and deters him from headlong experiments. In the Hampstead parish it permits the sweeping of the main roads only twice and of the other roads only once a week. There is not much room, you perceive, for impetuous idealism in the Hampstead vestry; and yet that authority does not scoff at the dream of London as a neater, sweeter matron in a cleaner, greener land. It simply reduces that vision to the lowest common denominator, which is expense.

London is not poor, and she is not exactly stingy. She is affluent in charity at home and abroad; she will deck herself occasionally with a handsome public building, although she is somewhat reckless with cheap gew-gaws in the shape of statues. But she is the most untidy dame in Christendom, and to the elementary needs of a decent toilet she is painfully indifferent. After her morning bath she is like a slatternly housemaid with a passably clean face, and a grimy rim round her neck. That official document from Spring Gardens invites the contrast of Paris. Every morning at half-past eight Paris is spick-and-span. All the refuse has been taken away; the streets are thoroughly cleansed; and all this labour is performed by five thousand persons armed with hydrants and sweeping-machines. Paris, you may say, is very frivolous; she has an imperfect sense of equity; she is not scandalised when public men at banquets accuse the police of having drunk the champagne, and pelt the waiters with the crockery; she elects mountebanks to her Municipal Council. But these freaks do not prevent her from making a perfect toilet every day, and (barring some whiffs of garlic) from breathing on the world like a nosegay. Vastly more respectable, or, at any rate, more demure; incapable of revolution, if not of riot; with a public service administered by that superior product of British civilisation, the man of business—with all these advantages, London is dirty, unkempt, ill-smelling, as unlike Paris as Dorothy Draggletail is unlike a Watteau marquise.

This contrast between the two cities is partially explained by a difference of tradition, which makes Paris docile and London insurgent. France might oscillate violently between Republic and Monarchy; there might be a new Government every month; and still those five thousand scavengers, with their hose-pipes and sweeping-machines, would begin their work every morning at four, and finish it at half-past eight. Political changes in Paris do not affect the subjection of the individual to the civic machine. With us personal freedom is supreme, and even rampant, and the civic machine has to adapt itself deferentially to the interests of the ratepayer. If he is content that his road should be swept only once a week, he may regard the proposal of more frequent meddling as a personal injury. It is suggested that London should be rescued from "avoidable litter," the accumulation of handbills, leaflets, fruit-rinds, all the unconsidered trifles that the free and independent citizen contributes to the dirt and disfigurement of the streets. Bye-laws might be enacted to check this prodigality; but would he submit to them? Small dealers who advertise by handbill would complain that the bye-law took the bread out of the mouths of their children. How is a child to eat an orange without dropping the peel; and if oranges are not publicly eaten, how is a costermonger to live?

And how does the most strenuous idealist suppose that the costermonger can be taught not to bawl? Very often he has a fine voice, and I have sometimes wondered whether a course of singing lessons would induce him to tune his merry note unto the sweet bird's throat. Some of the old London "cries" were not unmusical. Now and then one of them strikes your ear with a fugitive suggestion of recitative. A milkman may produce something distinctly resembling an air, as did the performer on the bagpipes in Mr. Gilbert's ballad. But the vocal appeal that rings through London day and night is mostly noise—incurable, blatant noise. The larrikin loves it; his feminine counterpart stimulates it with her soft appreciation. When a London crowd is at the height of pure enjoyment, it breaks into song, not one song, but half-a-dozen songs; and their chief charm for

the general ear is that they are simultaneous, and that every man shows his instinctive love of freedom by warbling in his own private key. This ecstasy of discord is the strongest proof that Britons never, never, never shall be slaves.

If this is the music of the streets when they are bent on rejoicing, how can you expect to subdue the lungs that are engaged in business? Who is going to pass a bye-law to restrain the costermonger from bellowing his "fine stor-b'ries"? One vestry protests against interference with a street-hawker's calling (meaning bawling), but offers a compromise. Let "fine stor-b'ries" be forced to desist when a tortured neighbour complains of a nuisance. How much public sympathy would be awarded to the complainant? What would the constable say, that hardy man in blue, who is as inured to noise as to the climate, and as heedless of the coster's intonations as if they were Ibsen's "harps in the air"? What would the magistrate say if the bye-law were enforced by the haling of the offender into court, followed by his vociferous tribe—accused, police, witnesses, alike amazed that "fine stor-b'ries," however deafening, should be deemed criminal? Justice, you may depend, has no ear; and that costermonger would run as little risk of being mulcted as of a sentence to hard labour with a tuning-fork. My ideal is that he should be confined in the Guildhall School of Music until he has learned modulation, the professors meanwhile buying his strawberries to support his family. But this is possible only under a benevolent despotism. For that costermonger's freedom to bawl for his livelihood Milton fulminated and Hampden bled.

Still, there are rare sounds in London, for which we should be thankful. A friend of mine, a distinguished man of letters, and a poet, has written to the papers to say that he lay awake the other night listening to a nightingale near the Paddington Canal. That judicious bird showed its taste by choosing so appropriate an auditor. Who else could have heard a nightingale at Paddington? I can fancy him murmuring as the melody gently soothed him to slumber—

Peking has turned creation pale,
There's talk of Muscovite cabal—
Unheeding sings the nightingale
Across the Paddington Canal.

No salt is yet on Kruger's tail,
De Wet has scored at Roodeval—
That does not still the nightingale
Across the Paddington Canal.

'Tis sweet to sing of fists in mail,
That "Britons never never shall—"
But sweeter is the nightingale
Across the Paddington Canal.

To "Bobs" and Kitchener all hail,
But give me Falstaff and Prince Hal,
And Omar, and that nightingale
Across the Paddington Canal.

I can remember when "The Battle of Dorking" fluttered the dovescotes of this island, and made many a valiant householder uneasy in his bed. It was an extremely clever brochure by a military expert with a true literary gift, and it painted an invasion in such plausible colours that the whole country took alarm. I doubt whether "The New Battle of Dorking" will have the same success. The writer staggers humanity in the preface by warning us that no invader would hesitate to burn London if he thought this necessary and had the chance. When you have done shivering at that, you will find that in the absence of the Channel Fleet, peacefully manœuvring off the coast of Ireland, a hundred thousand Frenchmen can be landed on our shores in one night. Such a force, it seems, can be collected and embarked without the smallest suspicion crossing the mind of the British Government that the French Government is even meditating such a coup. This argues a capacity for secrecy that the French temperament has not hitherto displayed. Drumont and Rochefort, I presume, would suddenly become miracles of mute discretion. Moreover, the not inconsiderable number of Frenchmen who have no taste for an adventure of this kind would either be muzzled or kept in ignorance.

These obstacles surmounted, and the invaders landed, there is a sudden change of fortune. The French conscripts prove to be no match for our Volunteers. They soon lose heart; their officers have no control over them; the invading army is forced to surrender. This is very gratifying; but somehow the ineptitude of the French when they are actually on English soil is no more convincing than the genius with which they planned the surprise. Perhaps we may rest assured that the Channel cannot be so easily crossed with hostile intent, and that the French army is made of sterner stuff than it exhibits in "The New Battle of Dorking." I would suggest that the writer of the next military "shocker" should start with these acknowledgments. They do only bare justice to both nations, and they offer real scope for his ingenuity.

THE WAR REVIEWED.

BY A MILITARY CORRESPONDENT.

The situation does not materially differ at the time of writing from what it was a week ago, except in so far that the columns about to operate in the Orange River Colony against De Wet and Steyn are known to have been actually set in motion. For the rest, there is a pause of the sort which indicates the approaching fall of the curtain rather than any resumption of the action of the play with renewed vigour. Three causes are contributing to this result—first, the manifold and dexterous resistance offered by De Wet, secondly, our own difficulties as regards horses and transport, and lastly, the trouble in China. There is no question that in De Wet we have a general of no common merit to deal with, and even now it is by no means certain that he will not crown the success he has achieved by contriving to elude capture of himself and his commando. As regards transport and horses, few people in this country realise how much we are hampered, more especially as regards the former, by requirements which it is difficult enough to meet in the case of a combined advance, but which become almost doubly formidable when a number of flying columns have to be provided for. As to the China imbroglio, this, of course, will not be allowed materially to affect our military movements in South Africa until the war is finally over. But it may well have the effect of preventing Mr. Kruger from realising forthwith the futility of continued resistance. The ex-President will naturally clutch at any straw in the endeavour to save himself from sinking hopelessly in the estimation of his countrymen, and, with his usual mixture of skill and unscrupulousness, is probably using the China trouble for all it is worth as one likely to embarrass this country and cause the withdrawal of the troops now at work in South Africa.

This latter consideration will doubtless prolong the operations, such as they are, to the east and north-east of Pretoria. So far as Lord Roberts is concerned, these will be confined, in all likelihood, for the present to keeping a watchful eye on General Botha's movements, which it is daily becoming more difficult to follow. It was recently reported that Botha was working up to the north of Pretoria, but another report credits him with an attempt to assist De Wet, which, of course, would necessitate a southerly movement. Meanwhile, Mr. Kruger has again run his saloon carriage a little way along the line, and may any day be surprised to find himself finally cut off from what is now practically his only line of retreat. It is significant in this connection that the two cavalry brigades now lying near Pretoria have just received sufficient remounts to bring them up to their full strength. With such a force it may be possible for Lord Roberts to cast a net over even such a slippery fish as Oom Paul, and with the latter in captivity, General Botha would almost certainly surrender.

The settlement of Pretoria on a new basis of government continues, and the oath of neutrality is being administered with precautions which will render it difficult for the Transvaalers to play as fast and loose with their obligations as the Free States did, to our serious military disadvantage. In fact, throughout the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony there is a tendency to treat the concealment of arms, the harbourage of hostile Boers, and the abetting of attacks on our communications by professed neutrals very much less leniently than heretofore—a change of policy which will certainly hasten the termination of a conflict largely due to mistaken consideration shown for an ignorant and unscrupulous enemy.

From the north comes the news that General Carrington and his staff have reached Bulawayo, and that both of Sir Frederick's brigades have left Beira. Probably one brigade at least will have been halted to the east of Tuli, in case its services may be required in order to check any Boer movement northwards from Pietersburg, the terminus of the railway that runs up across the Pienars River from Pretoria.

Turning our attention to the Orange River Colony, here we still find the Boers in a state of considerable activity at Bethlehem, Frankfort, and Vrede. From the first-named they have been persistently attacking Rundle's line, notwithstanding the poor condition of their horses and the scarcity of artillery ammunition. The British positions at Ficksburg, Hammonia, and Senekal have been threatened, but so far Rundle has held a difficult line from Lindley to Senekal, and thence to Ficksburg and Ladybrand, with conspicuous skill and success. To the north, De Wet, from Frankfort and Vrede, has been even bolder in his aggressiveness, and has on several fresh occasions scored minor but still aggravating advantages. But five British columns are closing in upon the Boers in the Orange River Colony and the end cannot be far off. It is very possible, as hinted above, that an appreciable number of Boers may escape, but it is quite unlikely that with such a cordon any large proportion will do so. So far as De Wet is concerned, the chances are that, yielding to pressure by the force under Hunter, who on June 28 had reached the Vaal from Heidelberg, he will either try to effect a junction with Steyn or move to Vrede. In the former event he may be intercepted by Clements, in the latter he will probably find himself in the grip of Buller, who will doubtless descend from Standerton in order to welcome him.

At the time of writing three rather important items of intelligence had just been received, one to the effect that General Sir H. E. Colville had been ordered home, another referring to a movement made by General Talbot Coke from Standerton towards Amersfoort, and a third reporting the capture of General Snyman, the *bête noire* of Mafeking, with the whole of the Maric commando, outside Lichtenburg. If the last is authentic it is excellent news. General Coke's movement appears to have been a reconnaissance which resulted in the discovery of 2000 Boers with some guns strongly posted. The presence of a force of this description so near an important line of communication might be serious. General Colville's return to England is at present unexplained.

PERSONAL.

The Queen has invested the Khedive with the Victorian Order, and his brother, Prince Mahomet Ali, with the Order of St. Michael and St. George. This arrangement gives the Victorian Order a precedence that may not have been suspected.

A certain Count Zeppelin is said to have travelled thirty-five miles with four friends in an air-ship 420 ft. in length. The journey was made from Friedrichshafen to Immenstadt. It is rather remarkable that nothing has been heard before of this remarkable vessel, which is as big apparently as an Atlantic liner. If Count Zeppelin has really solved the problem of the flying-machine, we may expect to find the German Emperor turning his attention to an aerial navy battling in the blue.

The suit at law resulting on the death of Lord Kensington, and on the absence of his executors in South Africa, is uniquely characteristic of this particular time in our history. Happily, a court of law is able to deal with a property that is left desolate by the martial ardour of its owner, who gave his life, and of his best friends, whom he made his executors, but whose whereabouts are not known except in the vague sense that they are at the front. Wherever they are, they are not within reach; they cannot sign a cheque or a receipt, nor



Photo. Hills and Saunders, Eton.
THE LATE LORD KENSINGTON.

effect a sale, nor make a purchase on the Kensington estate or the huge Pembrokeshire properties of the late peer, the fifth of his line. Born in 1863, he was educated at Eton, entered the 2nd Life Guards, and succeeded his father in 1896.

Lord Roberts announces that he is actually feeding at Pretoria the families of burghers who are still in the field against him. This should be read in conjunction with Mr. Kruger's assertion that the British supplies have been cut off, and that the troops are in want of food.

The German Emperor has given forcible expression to the anger of Germany at the murder of Baron von Ketteler in Peking. He says that the flags of the Powers must float over the Chinese flag. Curiously enough, he does not mention Japan, although the Japanese alone have the capacity to land sufficient troops in China to make a successful march on Peking with the least possible delay.

Miss Evelyn Millard is to be married on July 19 to Mr. J. R. Coulter, a financial magnate. Miss Millard has so many admirers among playgoers that there will be general satisfaction to learn that her marriage will not take her from the stage. As a rule, actresses who marry out of their profession take solemn leave of the stage, and then return to it. Miss Millard will be spared this little inconsistency.

At a time when Russian policy in the Far East trembles in the balance, any change in its Ministry of Foreign Affairs is a matter of concern. The death of Count Mouravieff gave rise, therefore, to apprehensions which second thoughts show to be superfluous. The late Minister had been but a figure-head for some time before his death; and the practical control of affairs had fallen on Count Lamsdorff, who, by at least a temporary arrangement, now becomes the nominal as well as the actual master of the Foreign Ministry.

Count Lamsdorff has still the assistance of Prince Obolenski, so that the administration remains precisely what it was before, except that Count Mouravieff is no longer a go-between for Count Lamsdorff and the Tsar.

An interesting sale of Garrick relics will take place next week. In the collection are thirteen manuscript diaries relating to the productions at Drury Lane under Garrick's management, also his marriage certificate.

So admirable an observer as Mrs. Craigie has fallen into an amusing topographical error in her new novel, "Robert Orange." She makes a lady drive from St. James's Square to the Carlton Club, and meditate on several affairs of the heart by the way. From one corner of St. James's Square it is almost possible to throw a stone into the doorway of the Carlton, and, in any case, the drive could not have given the swiftest of feminine thinkers time for such reflections. Mrs. Craigie suggests that the road may have been under repair. You must understand that the "No thoroughfare" board compelled the coachman to drive round by Regent Street. Even then the thinking must have been a hasty process.



Photo. Benque.
COUNT LAMSDORFF,
The Acting Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs.

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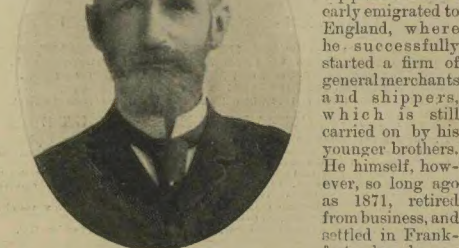
During the days preceding the relief of Tientsin, a great share of the burden of anxiety and responsibility naturally fell upon the foreign Consuls. At one time, indeed, the situation seemed so desperate that the British Consul, Mr. Charles, sent a message by special courier, praying urgently for reinforcements, and announcing that the casualties were heavy, the ammunition insufficient, and that machine-guns were necessary. He further stated that the Russians at the railway station were hard pressed, while the Chinese troops were keeping up an incessant fire with large guns on the European concessions, nearly all of which were burnt. Happily, the damage and loss of life at Tientsin have proved to be less considerable than was at first supposed. The British Consulate, at any rate, seems to have escaped, but the residence of the American Consul has been burnt.

Not only the South African but now the Chinese trouble has proved the loyalty of the Colonies. Mr. John See, Minister of Defence in New South Wales, has announced that his colony will, if need be, send 3000 trained men to China. Apart from the question of loyalty, the incident offers a remarkable proof of the advance in military organisation which Australia has made within a very short time. It is not so long ago since New South Wales had not 3000 men in the whole of her defence forces.

Sir Charles Oppenheimer died recently at Frankfurt-on-Main, in which town he had for nearly twenty years acted as her Britannic Majesty's Consul-General. Born in Nassau in 1836, Sir Charles Oppenheimer early emigrated to England, where he successfully started a firm of generalmerchants and shippers, which is still carried on by his younger brothers. He himself, however, so long ago as 1871, retired from business, and settled in Frankfurt, where he was at first appointed to be Consul for the province of Hesse-Nassau and for the Grand Duchy of Hesse, and was afterwards promoted to be Consul-General. In 1892 he received his knighthood, and in 1897 the Jubilee Medal. In 1864 Sir Charles married Bertha, daughter of Mr. Leopold Goldbeck, who survives him.

Colonel Theodore Roosevelt has been nominated as Republican candidate for the Vice-Presidency of the United States. That he should have accepted the nomination has caused much surprise; for hitherto every Vice-President of the United States has been buried in oblivion. There is something in the office that provides both tombstone and epitaph. But Colonel Roosevelt is evidently determined to break this tradition. As a soldier, an administrator, and a writer he has shown qualities that cannot be ignored. No Vice-President has ever become President except Andrew Johnson, who succeeded Lincoln. Probably Colonel Roosevelt means to follow the precedent of Johnson, but by a different route.

News of the death of a doctor or a nurse at the seat of war comes always with the additional shock of a slight paradox. "Physician, heal thyself," is a formula addressed with no hint of irony to men and women who went forth to save others only to be themselves numbered with the lost. Universal in Manchester is the regret caused by tidings of the death of Professor Thomas Jones, F.R.C.S., of Owens College, a brilliant member of the medical profession, and a renowned and honorary operator in the local infirmary and hospital. Professor Jones was acting as chief of the Welsh Military Hospital in South Africa when he contracted the illness that has resulted in his regretted death.



THE LATE SIR CHARLES OPPENHEIMER,
British Consul-General at Frankfurt-on-Main.

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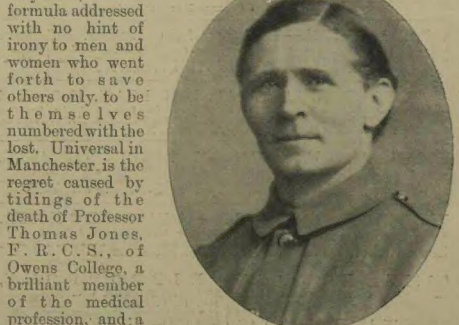


Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE PROFESSOR THOMAS JONES,
Chief of the Welsh Military Hospital in South Africa.

Colonel Sir Frederic Cardew, the new Governor of the Straits Settlements, has been for several years Governor of Sierra Leone. Since he went to Freetown he has explored the Hinterland, and has met the native kings and chiefs in palaver. He has the excellent fortune to be able to resist the insidious climatic influences of that unhealthy region, for he keeps well while other white men die around him.

The reception, held by the President and Council of the Royal Academy at Burlington House on Tuesday night, was attended by a large and distinguished assembly. Among the guests, who were received at the top of the grand staircase by the President and Lady Poynter, was the Gaikwar of Baroda. The band of the Royal Artillery performed during the evening.

Vice-Admiral Courrejolles, who commands the French Squadron in Chinese waters, is a fine type of the French Naval Commander. As his name implies, he belongs to an old seafaring family, and his distinguished naval career would certainly entitle him to the full rank of Admiral were it not that promotion to this rank has been in France practically stopped for many years. His flag ship, the *Vauban*, is the finest French battle-ship in Far Eastern waters, and compares favourably with those of the other European Powers, although the French Squadron is markedly feeble when contrasted with that commanded by Admiral Sir Edward Seymour. On the other hand, by the time these lines are printed, Admiral Courrejolles will have three thousand French troops under his orders, these being contingents hurried up from Cochin-China.

The German waiters at the Paris Exhibition are said to have been addressed by the Kaiser before their departure from the Fatherland, and instructed in the particular branch of civilisation which they represent. It may be presumed that plates in the German section of the Exhibition are not handed round by a mailed fist. Probably the Kaiser gave the waiters a useful warning as to their personal relations with Parisians. Oddly enough, M. Drumont has not yet discovered in this a proof that the German waiters are spies.

At the Alhambra Mr. C. Dundas Slater continues to provide the patrons of that house with an excellent and varied entertainment. The patriotic military display maintains its popularity, and among many interesting "turns," a notable feature is the troupe of clever fox-terriers.

The cyclist-policeman has become a permanent institution in Paris. Can this (in view of the criminality of scorching) be a subtle variation of the old theme "Set a thief to catch a thief"? Quis custodiet, etc. Who now will catch the scorching bobby?

Captain F. Gore Anley, commanding the 3rd Regiment of Mounted Infantry in South Africa, who is, for the second time, mentioned by Lord Roberts in his despatch of June 25 from Pretoria, is the only surviving son of the late Colonel Anley, R.A., who served with distinction in the Crimea and Indian Mutiny. Captain Anley obtained his first commission in the Essex Regiment in 1884, and has seen much service in Egypt, from the Nile Campaign of 1884-85 to the operations subsequent to the capture of Khartoum. He has been frequently mentioned in despatches, and holds a number of medals.

A philanthropist has suggested, in a morning contemporary, that Parliament should do something to protect the hats of men and women from the rain that drips from roofs and railway-bridges. Very good; but what of the rain that drips from the contrivance that is to be fitted to the eaves of houses and railway-bridges?

Captain Engelbart, whose portrait appears on another page, will always be remembered among the gallant commanders of the mercantile marine for his conduct in saving the *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse*. Captain Engelbart was born at Oldenburg in 1849. At the age of fourteen he shipped from Bremen on a four years' voyage to America, Africa, India, and China. He afterwards joined the German navy, and saw active service in the Franco-German War. In 1886 he received his first command. He has been honoured on board the *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse* with a visit from the German Emperor. On that occasion the Emperor presented the Captain with the Imperial Standard which floated at the masthead to indicate his Majesty's presence.



Photo. Ellis, Malton.
CAPTAIN F. GORE ANLEY,
Twice Mentioned in Despatches by Lord Roberts.

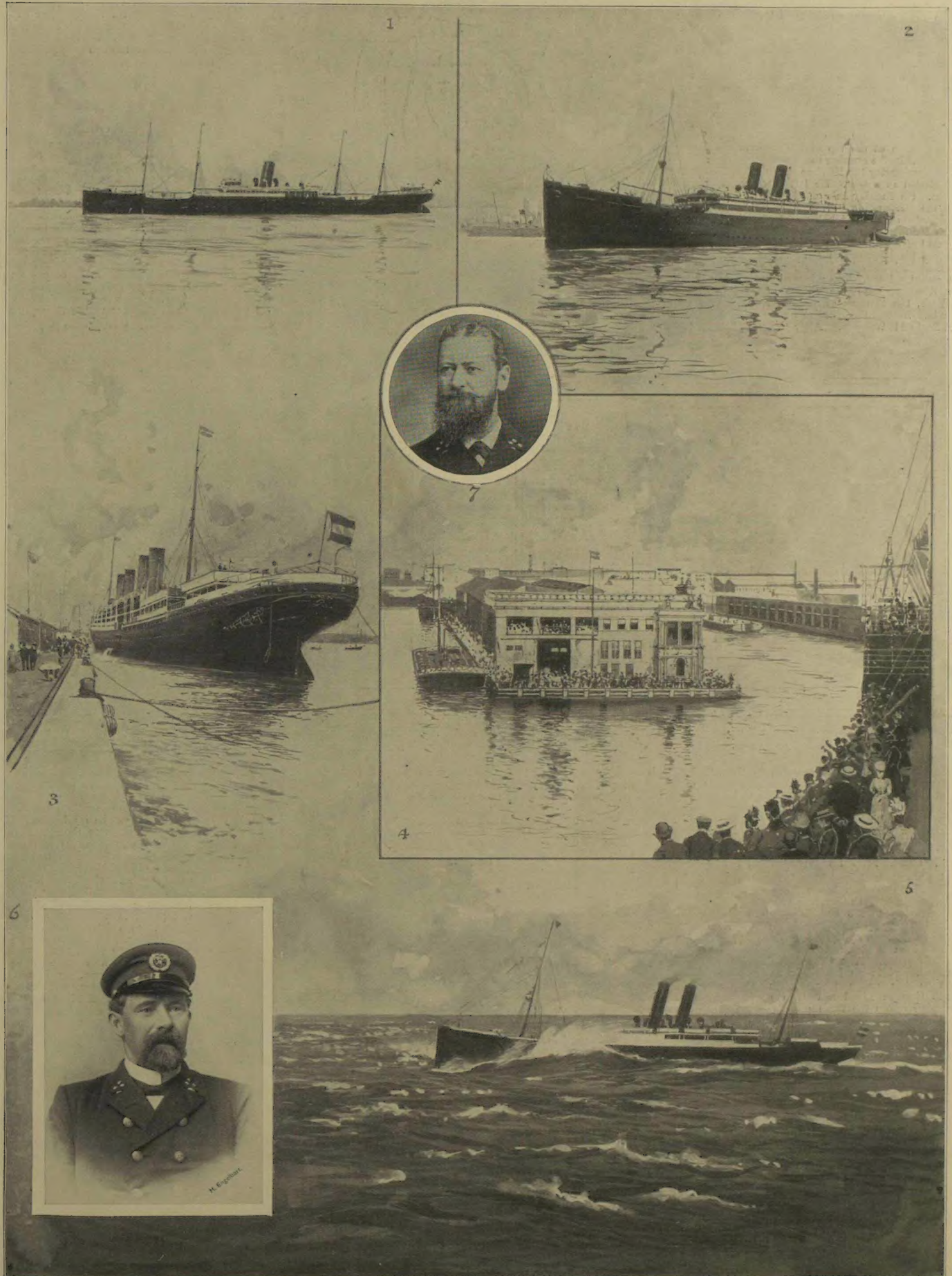
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THE DISASTROUS FIRE AT NEW YORK HARBOUR.

Photographs of Ships by R. J., A. S., and D. Leupold.



1. The ss. *Main* (10,500 tons), Destroyed in the Fire.
2. The ss. *Bremen* (10,500 tons), Destroyed in the Fire.
3. The ss. *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse* (14,350 tons), Saved by the Exertions of her Commander, Captain Engelbart.

4. The North German Lloyd Pier, where the Fire Originated.
5. The ss. *Saale*, Destroyed. (With her Perished, it is believed, 100 Persons.)
6. Captain Engelbart, who Saved the *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse*.
7. Captain Mirow, of the *Saale*, who Perished with his Ship.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE KHEDIVE'S VISIT.

The Khedive's fortunate recovery has enabled him to accomplish at least a considerable portion of the programme marked out for him by his entertainers. On Thursday, June 28, his Highness, accompanied by the Duke of York, Prince Mahomed Ali, the Sirdar, Sir Rennell Rodd, Colonel the Hon. W. Carington and suite, proceeded to Windsor by special train. At Windsor the platform was carpeted, and the royal waiting-room was decorated with palms and flowers. The band and drums of the Grenadier Guards, under a guard of honour, were in attendance. The Mayor presented an address of welcome, to which his Highness made a fitting reply. The Duke of Connaught and Princess Christian, who gave the first greetings, then accompanied his Highness to the Castle, where the Khedive was received by the Queen at the top of the steps of the Sovereign's Entrance. In the evening there was a semi-State banquet. The following day the Khedive drove out to Frogmore and breakfasted in a tent. He left for London at half-past eleven. On Tuesday he was the guest of the Lord Mayor and the Corporation at the Guildhall. Timed to leave Buckingham Palace at half-past twelve, he was unable to do so for fully half an hour, owing to the heavy rainfall. A guard of honour of the Honourable Artillery Company received his Highness in the quadrangular space outside the Guildhall, their band playing the Khedivial hymn as the guard saluted. The principal guests, in addition to the Khedive, were the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, the Marquis of Salisbury, and the Gaikwar of Baroda. Among the Khedive's suite was Major-General Sir Reginald Wingate. After the reception in the Art

(the House of Orange). Under the tree may be seen, on the one hand, sheep, representing patience ("Geduld"), and on the other a lion, illustrating courage ("Moed"),



AN OBSOLETE SYMBOL: THE GREAT SEAL OF THE ORANGE FREE STATE.

Our illustration is from one of the last impressions taken before the seal was destroyed by official orders.

both qualities much needed when they asserted their freedom ("Vryheid") and, in 1836, trekked (notice the wagon and the word "Immigratie") from Cape Colony across the Orange River. There seems small reason to

rebels. Sir Frederick has been Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Gold Coast Colony since 1898. In 1893, he raised the Gold Coast Volunteer Corps, of which he was Major commanding. Sir Frederick was born in 1851, and his knighthood, which is of the Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George, was conferred upon him last year. He was formerly Captain of the 24th Middlesex Rifle Volunteers, and in 1897 received his V.D. From 1888 to 1898 he acted as Colonial Secretary for the Gold Coast. He married Mary Alice, daughter of the late W. A. G. Young, C.M.G., who was Governor of the Gold Coast in 1883. This week we give portraits of the beleaguered Governor and his wife, of the fort where they are besieged, and of the officers' and men's quarters. These illustrations are fitly enough accompanied by a view of the palace of the deposed King Prempeh.

THE CRISIS IN CHINA.

Even after three weeks of anxiety, it remains a crisis still. The point of danger threatening the foreign colony in Peking and its neighbourhood has shifted a little, perhaps; but it has been urgent throughout, and, as we go to press, is urgent still. Of the rumours on which, for a fortnight, English public opinion had to form its conclusions, some have proved to be true, and these were generally disastrous ones; while others have turned out to be unfounded, and these were those that gave the best promise for peace. Admiral Seymour, for instance, did not reach Peking as reported; whereas the news of the murder of the German Minister, received at first with doubt, proves to be only too true. The death of Baron von Ketteler was, in fact, compassed so long ago as June 18. The whole of Germany has received the confirmed intelligence with feelings of deep sympathy and also of deep indignation. By restless



THE OFFICES OF COLONEL DORWARD (WHO RELIEVED TIENTSIN) AT LUN KING TAO.

Gallery, the Khedive was escorted to the Library, and there was presented with an address of welcome, enclosed in a golden casket. His Highness acknowledged the compliment in fitting terms. The company were afterwards entertained at luncheon. His Highness's departure for the Continent was fixed for Wednesday last, July 4.

THE DISASTER IN NEW YORK HARBOUR.

On the afternoon of June 30, a tremendous fire broke out at the North German Lloyd Dock at Hoboken, directly opposite to New York City. The fire was first discovered at Pier 3 amidst some bales of cotton. It spread rapidly among the goods stored in the dock, and reaching many barrels of oil, soon assumed the proportions of a conflagration. A number of explosions occurred, and in an incredibly short space of time the entire pier system of the North German Lloyd had been destroyed. Sweeping across the three piers, the flames attacked the liners moored there, and destroyed the three vessels, *Main*, *Saale*, and *Bremen*. By an extraordinarily brilliant and courageous effort, the famous Transatlantic liner *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse* was saved. Her commander, Captain Engelbart, took his station on the bridge, and directed the operations with the tugs, while the sailors stood by with hose and hand-grenades, and protected the liner at the risk of their lives. As it was, the canvas and woodwork of the vessel were often on fire. About 750 longshoremen and about 1000 other people were cut off, and according to the latest reports, the loss of life cannot have been less than four hundred.

THE GREAT SEAL OF THE ORANGE FREE STATE.

We produce for the benefit of our readers a facsimile of the Great Seal of the Orange Free State from one of the last impressions taken off the seal before it was, by official orders, broken in half. It is interesting to notice the design. The orange-tree in the centre would always remind the "aristocratic" Doers of the root whence they sprang



PRETORIA DAY IN OTTAWA: PRINCESS LOUISE'S DRAGOON GUARDS MARCHING UP METCALFE STREET TO A CHURCH PARADE OF THE OTTAWA BRIGADE.

doubt that freedom under the British flag will ere long be keenly appreciated by this little State, which has lately witnessed such telling examples of both patience and courage on the part of our countrymen.

THE SITUATION IN ASHANTI.

Colonel Willcocks, commanding the Kumasi Relief Force, is reported to have arrived at Fumsu. Great anxiety is still felt for Sir Frederick Hodgson, the Resident, who is gallantly holding the fort at Kumasi against the

energy and professional skill, the Baron had worked his way up from the post of student-interpreter to that of Minister. Dying at the age of forty-seven, he has the praises of his countrymen for his candour and for his courage. "He evidently did not hesitate," says the semi-official *North German Gazette*, "to expose himself to the attacks of the raging mob when, in accordance with his duty, he proceeded towards the Tsung-li-Yamen in order to lay his remonstrances before that body." The feeling of his countrymen is that the honour of their country is involved, and that at all costs the German Empire, in conjunction with the other

Powers, must see the matter through. The German Emperor, in a stirring speech, has bidden farewell to a detachment of marines for service in China. He will send a brigade of volunteers. Meanwhile, the fate of the other Legations is a matter, in other countries, of deep concern. It is said that on June 25 only the German, British, and French Legations remained undestroyed; and together with that report came another rumour that the Ministers and their staffs from other Legations had taken refuge in the British Legation. Be that as it may, they were hard pressed; a message from Sir Robert Hart, sent to the relief force on June 24, containing the words: "The situation is desperate. Make haste!"

If relief had been possible at the hands of Admiral Seymour and the mixed force under him, relief would have been given. One distinct point he was able to achieve—the relief of the foreign colony at Tientsin, long suffering from the bombardment of the Chinese troops. From the scene of that success the Admiral marched northwards, intending to perform a similar service to Peking. But he reckoned without the Chinese host that encountered him when he was within twenty-five miles of his goal, and forced him to retire back upon Tientsin. Reinforcements are on their way from half-a-dozen quarters; they are making haste; and the hope against hope everywhere entertained is that they may arrive in time to be of avail. Japan, which is best able from its position to put an army in the field with the least delay, is willing to do so upon conditions—conditions which are a natural sequel to the treatment she received five years ago at the hands of Continental



THE SCENE OF THE NEW YORK FIRE: HOBOKEN.

diplomacy. England, at any rate, will not linger over parleyings of minor importance, nor restrain by red-tape the advance of an efficient force to suppress the anti-foreign rising, to punish its leaders, and to place the Europeans in future out of reach of any recurrence of this phase of the Yellow Peril.

The destruction of the Taku Forts and the taking of Tientsin recall the fighting just forty-one years ago, when Admiral Hope entered the Pei-ho River only to find that the forts destroyed in the previous year had been reconstructed, and that the British gun-boats were practically blocked out of the river by chains, stakes, and other impediments. Admiral Hope sent to Tientsin to warn officialism, but officialism made no reply. The people beside the river promised to clear the river-path, but what they promised they did not perform. The forts in 1859, as in 1890, opened fire on the British, sinking the *Kestrel*, disabling the *Lee*, and severely wounding the Admiral before they were silenced by the squadron—very nearly, but not quite. History repeats itself, for an outstanding fort, then as now, continued its fire on the storming party who landed, killing sixty-four officers and men, and forcing the rest to retire. If the course of recent operations has been similarly chequered, the reason is all the stronger why such disturbances should never occur again. The flight of the Emperor and the Dowager-Empress may or may not have been made. If the rumour is true, then some trouble may be saved, and a satisfactory indication is given of the nearness of the victory of the Allied Forces. If they have not gone, go they must; and in the replacing of them will lie one of the most difficult problems of modern diplomacy.

OUR WAR PICTURES.

Our pictures of the South African War are mainly reminiscent. Clearing the kopjes, and the Guards preparing a way for the entry into Johannesburg, are characteristic realisations of the arduous work which our troops are still performing in South Africa. The panoramic view of Ingogo, Majuba, and Laing's Nek is of especial interest, apart from its great

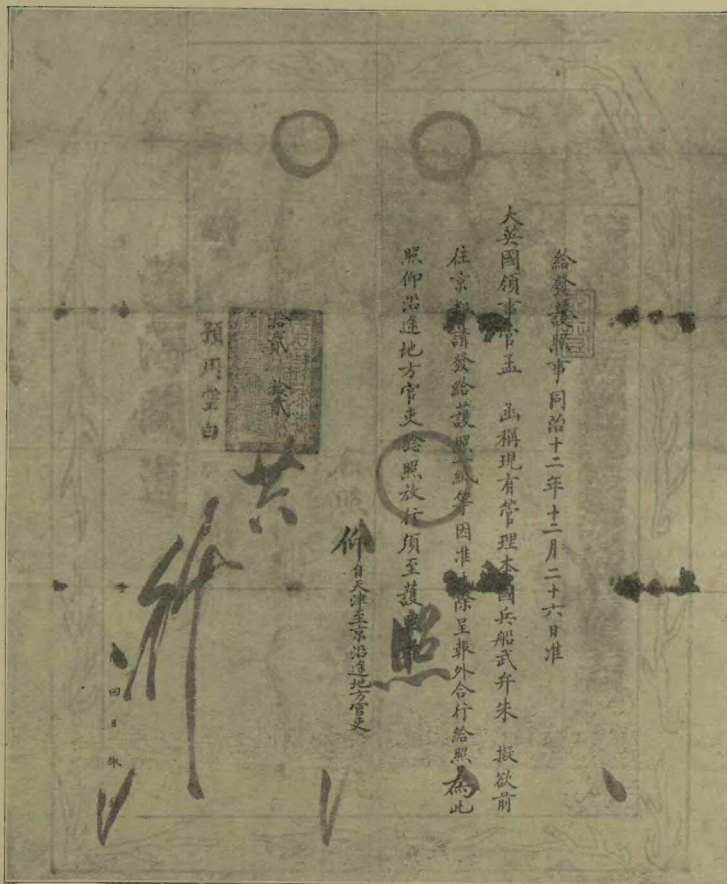
but the interest of our photographs of that event is sufficient justification for their appearance. One of the pictures which our readers cannot fail to appreciate is that of Mr. Melton Prior sketching from the top of a wagon at Lord Roberts's headquarters at Smaldeal. Though beyond the sphere of actual war, our picture of Pretoria Day at Ottawa may still be reasonably enough included among our War Pictures.

REMINISCENCES OF MAFEKING.

Colonel Mahon's column for the relief of Mafeking, consisting of about 1000 men of the Imperial Light Horse, Kimberley Mounted Corps, a battery of R.H.A. (with two "pom-poms") and 100 infantry, left Barkly West (near Kimberley) on May 4.

They made so rapid a march northward that they covered the 240 miles in twelve days, and entered Mafeking at daybreak on the 17th. During this splendid march they frequently came in contact with the enemy, but managed to evade them without fighting until within about twenty miles of Mafeking, when they defeated the Boers in a sharp engagement near Maritsani, and marched thence to Jan Massibi, where they joined hands with Colonel Plumer's column, which had for some months been to the north of Mafeking. The combined forces then advanced, and had a brilliant engagement with the enemy's forces about six miles west of Mafeking. The battle commenced at two o'clock, and was continued till long after dark, when the enemy were beaten off, and the forces bivouacked where they were. The scouts finding the road by midnight clear of the enemy, the column started for Mafeking.

Major B. Baden-Powell at once sprang on to his horse and rode off across the veldt alone, and though he had nothing to guide him but the stars, there being no lights in the town, he found he had struck off the place exactly. Major Baden-Powell was thus the first of Colonel Mahon's column to get into Mafeking, with the exception of his patrol. He rode on through the dark, hushed streets, an orderly conducting him to headquarters, where he found his brother, Colonel Baden-Powell, and at daybreak the two brothers went out to meet the column so long wished for.



A CHINESE PASSPORT, SIGNED BY LI-HUNG-CHANG.

The document reads from right to left, and the column of characters on the opposite side from the seal represents the name and titles of the officer by whom it was issued.

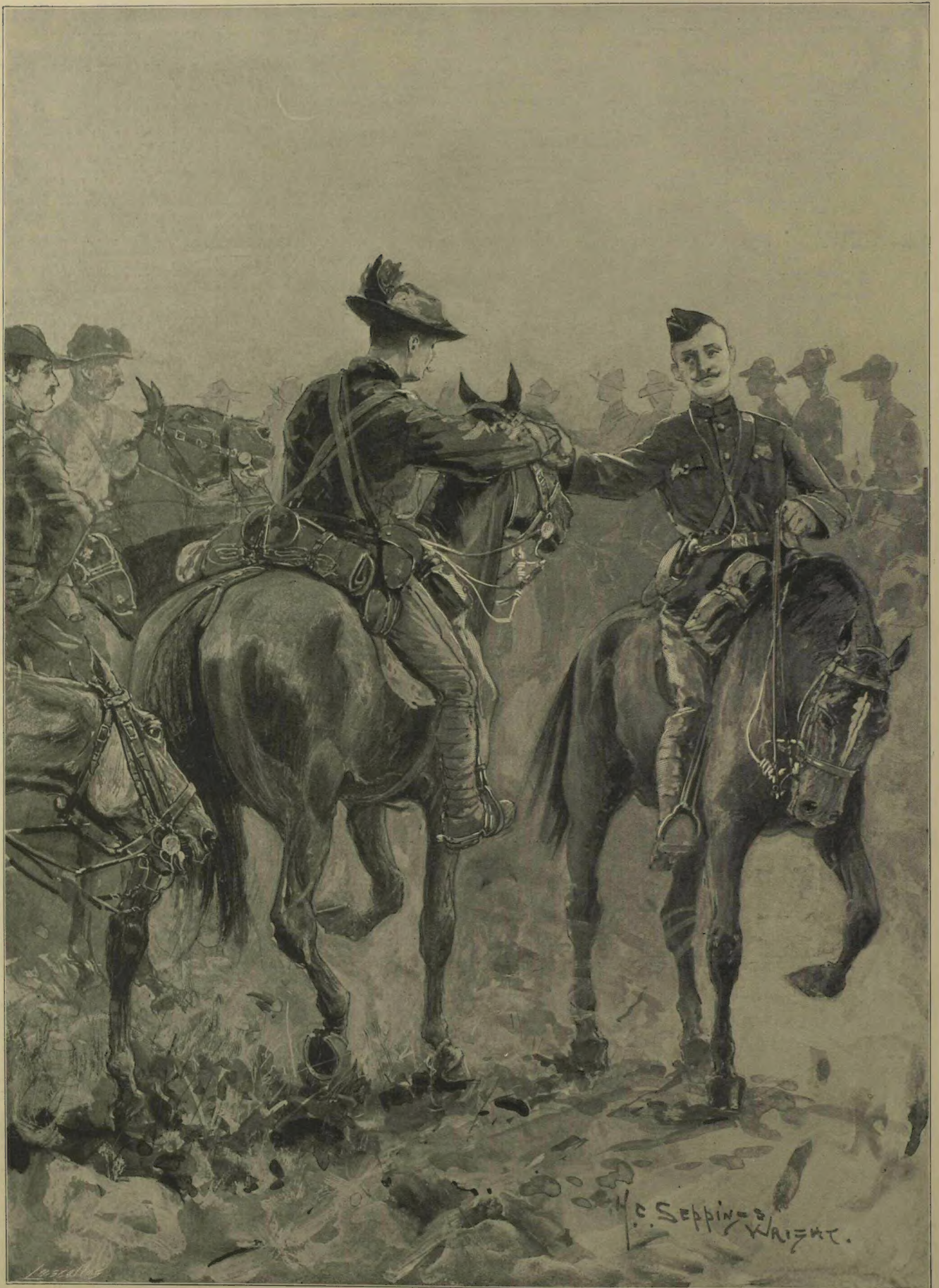
historical significance, from the fact that it is from a sketch, made as recently as May 30, by Major-General Coke, commanding the 10th Brigade. Lord Roberts's entry into Kroonstad we have described at length in former numbers,

patrol. He rode on through the dark, hushed streets, an orderly conducting him to headquarters, where he found his brother, Colonel Baden-Powell, and at daybreak the two brothers went out to meet the column so long wished for.



THE CRISIS IN CHINA: THE AMERICAN LEGATION AT PEKING, BURNT BY THE REBELS.

REMINISCENCES OF MAFEKING: WITH THE RELIEF COLUMN.



MEETING OF GENERAL BADEN-POWELL AND COLONEL MAHON AT MAFEKING ON THE MORNING OF MAY 17.

From a Sketch made on the Spot by an Officer of the Relief Force.



LADY MARY SLATTERY

BY B.M. CROKER.

ILLUSTRATED BY GUNNING KING.

SOME years ago, when I was one of a fishing party in the South of Ireland, it was my custom each Sunday afternoon to sally forth for a long constitutional, in order to stretch my legs—cramped from sitting in a boat for the greater part of the week—and to explore the country. I generally explored alone, for my brother and his wife preferred to spend the shining hours reading, gossiping, or idling under the ash-trees in the hotel grounds. During one of my aimless rambles I found myself about five miles from our quarters, turning into a shady road, the prettiest I ever remembered to have seen. Sheer above me, to the left, towered the dark purple "Reeks"; low on the right glittered a silver lake, of which each bend in the way or break among the trees revealed an enchanting vista of wooded islands, bays, or promontories. But by degrees this prospect became lost to sight; a high, dilapidated wall screened it completely—a wall bulging out dangerously here and there, but clothed with thick moss and delicate fern, and held together with ropes of ancient ivy. A dilapidated entrance corresponding to the wall presently came into view, and perched on one of the tumble-down gate-piers, sat an old man in his Sunday clothes, smoking a black "dhudeen." This he took out of his mouth in order to say: "A fine evening, yer Honour"; for the Kerry peasants are always gracious, and never meet a stranger without some civil remark.

"Can you tell me what place this is?" I inquired, halting at the gate, and pointing down the grass-grown avenue which wound away among the trees.

"An' why wouldn't I?" he replied. "'Tis called 'Fota.' But sure 'tis in ruins—an empty house hereabouts falls to pieces in ten years. 'Tis the soft climate as does it."

"And has this place not been occupied for ten years?" I asked.

"No, nor for thirty. Maybe ye'd like to come in and take a look around, for it was wance the loveliest spot in Kerry."

"That is saying a good deal," I answered. "Thank you, I should be glad to see it." And I promptly clambered over the broken stile. Meanwhile the old man knocked the ashes out of his pipe, deliberately descended from his perch, and led the way between an overgrowth of trees and shrubs, down the back avenue into a yard entirely surrounded by large roofless outhouses.

"Now, did ye ever see the like?" he demanded, waving one hand dramatically.

"No, I certainly never had! Rank grass a foot high covered the stones, the pump was a wreck, the stables were lairs of nettles and old iron."

"An' when the ould master, General Macarthy, lived, sure there wasn't as much as a straw astray." And he nodded his head expressively.

We next passed through a gap in a wall, and came upon the track of the front avenue, winding out of a forest of trees. There were trees on all sides, and on a sort of wide plateau stood the house. I was miserably disappointed at first sight, I must admit. "The house" was a mere cottage, and from the dimensions of the yard, the entrance, and the imposing stretch of lawns and timber, I had expected a mansion. The grounds sloped gradually down to the water's edge, which was almost entirely hidden by a dense growth of laurels; and scattered over a wilderness, to the left, were wonderfully luxuriant flowering shrubs, pampas grass, arbutus, rhododendron, giant fuchsias, and at a distance, a high and hoary garden-wall. I peered into this, through its rusty gate, and beheld a dense jungle of grass, wild flowers, and aged fruit-trees, gone mad.

Then I slowly retraced my steps, and joined the old man, who was sitting on a low window-sill, and from this coign of vantage we overlooked the lake for a considerable time in absolute silence. The situation and the view were not to be surpassed.

"And so you say this cottage has been empty for thirty years," I remarked at last.

"Yes, 'tis thirty year last June since they left it—I worked here for the General—man and boy—and the garden below was just a wonder. When he died it was let for a term; after that it went to rack and ruin."

"And does no one ever come near it?"

"The caretaker once a week," he replied. "It is let to graziers for dry heifers, and that's all. 'Tis a mortal pity."

I stood up and gazed into the empty shell of a house. It was originally a glorified cottage, with four spacious rooms and a wide hall; apparently the kitchen and servants' premises were at the back. The roof was still intact, there were remnants of rich carving, and scraps of expensive wallpaper still streaked the walls (which also bore the signatures of half the county); in the drawing-room was a boat, while the dining-room evidently served as a byre for the dry heifers!

"Of course, when a house is left empty for years, 'tis a sore temptation," observed my companion in an apologetic key. "The poor people around have made away with the grates, and doors, and window-sashes. Fair! the old General sp'nd no money on it, and if he was to see it now, he'd haunt the place."

"It looks as if it ought to have a history," I observed, as I once more seated myself beside him.

"Faix, then, no, yer Honour, I can't say as it has; but I could tell you a mighty quare tale of a child that was born there."

"I should like to hear it, if I may," I said, offering him my tobacco-pouch.

"Well, then, and hear it you shall!—here goes!" stuffing as he spoke a generous amount of tobacco into the

bowl of his pipe, and thrusting it down with a horny thumb. "'Tis more than thirty years ago, when there were no gentlemen's lodges-round the lake, no, nor no coaches, or railroads, or telegraphs, but terrible long journeys, and hardships on cars, and the best of fishing and fowling. Now we have a power of quality coming to and fro, and admiring all this"—waving his hand—"and bringing good money, God be praised, for it's badly wanted. But when I was young, a stranger hereabouts was as much of a curiosity as an elephant; and it made a notorious stir when this very place was took by the Earl of Mortimer and his Countess."

"English people," I remarked. "I know the name." (I knew the present Earl by sight, and had seen his historical abbey, his celebrated library, his priceless pictures. He was a rich, arrogant, childless old hermit—a martyr to gout and pride.)

"Yes, Mortimer, Sir. I learnt off the name thinking of mortar," continued my companion. "They was not too long married, and come on a spree-like, and without many servants—"

"What brought them here?" I asked. "How did they discover it?"

"I don't rightly know," he replied; "but they were highly delighted, I can tell ye—his Lordship wid the sport; for in those days ye couldn't put your foot on the mountain without standing on a bird; and as for fish, they were waiting on ye!"

"More than they are now!" I retorted. "Many a day I've waited on them!"

"Himself liked the fishing, and her Ladyship the place. It was soon after the master dying, and was just fairyland. The fuchsia-hedges were a sight, the palms a wonder, the magnolia-trees the size of a cabin—as for the passion flowers, the house was smothered between them, and roses; and the carnations scented half the lake!"

He paused, and drew breath after this burst of eloquence, struck a match, and resumed—

"Ye may see this terrace here? I keep it still weeded. 'Twas here the ould master took his stroll—'twas here she used to walk;—" He heaved a profound sigh, and then continued, in a brisker key—

"Yes, his Lordship and her Ladyship was well contented, though maybe it was a bit lonely for her. Many an evening I've seen her walking up and down this same terrace here, watching for the boat. Oh, she was like a picture, I declare!"

"Do you remember her?" I inquired.

"An' who wouldn't? Bedad, I do! If I was to shut me eyes I could see her standing there still, her hair (and she had crowds of it) what would stuff a pillow, was dark red, like a copper beech—a small lily face, set on a long white throat, a pair of laughing dark eyes, and wee hands just a blaze of stones. Her voice was as sweet as a song, and when she smiled—ochone, ochone! it gave yer heart a squeeze. I never saw anything like it before."

"Or since?" I suggested.

"Oh, bedad, Sir, I've seen the very comrade of it, and I'll tell ye no lie! Well, her Ladyship was mad on flowers, and she used to come and talk to me when I was working, asking questions about the country-folk, and their matches, and quare ways, and about the ould master, God rest him! And she said how sad it was to see his place let to strangers. 'It's a paradise,' says she; 'the loveliest spot I've ever seen. You ought to be proud of your country, Mat Donovan.'"

"I told her I was so, and prouder again, that it was plasin' to her."

"That was a real bit of blarney," I remarked.

"'Twas not, Sorr! 'Twas her due," he retorted with

vehemence. "Well, one night there was a terrible whirraloo. Her Ladyship had a baby unexpected! No doctor, nor nurse, nor clothes ready, and old 'Betty the Brag' called in, for the French maid was no good at all—but for screeching!"

"The baby was a girl, and a cruel disappointment, as a boy was wanted. However, she had to be reared all the same, and there was no means of feeding the creature till Betty bethought her of Katie Foley—she had a young infant. Katie was about forty, a big, strong major of a woman. She'd been terribly unlucky, and lost five children—some was born dead—some had just the breath in them. People give it out it was a fairy blast. Howsom-ever, she had a living child at long last, three weeks old, and she took on the other poor little creature, and it thrived elegantly. Well, when everything was going fair and aisy, bedad! her Ladyship, all of a sudden, took and died. Just went off, wid no more warning nor a snow-flake!"

"I tell ye, his Lordship was like a madman, and out of his mind wid grief. The windows used to be wide open—it was the summer, ye know, and I've heard him calling on her, and crying to her to come back. I declare to ye, Sir, 'twas enough to melt the Rock of Cashel, but sure, she was gone. They took her to England, along with a great train of black mourners, and left the place just as it stood, and the child wid Katie. She had a nice, decent house of her own, and his Lordship would not so much as look at the baby, and was terribly bitter against it. Faix! there seemed a sort of blight on the family, for in a couple of months the child pined off and died, and was packed in an elegant little white and silver coffin, and taken away to the grand family burying ground, and laid alongside the mother."

"His Lordship sent Katie Foley fifty pounds to bank for her little Mary, and there was an end of that. The news came after a few years as how his Lordship was drowned off a yacht. He had never married again, and his cousin fell in for all the e-states and grandeur."

"Little Mary thrived well. She was a rare beauty, and just the core of John Foley's heart, and the apple of his eye. She was that clever and quick, wid such taking ways, but awful dainty about her food, and wid a terrible high spirit, and just bone-idle. Learning was no trouble to her, if she took the notion, and she grew up a lovely girl; and it wasn't alone the golden sovereigns she had to her fortune, as made all the boys crazy to marry her. 'Twas her pretty face and queer ways—not bold at all, but impetuous and commanding. She could ha' married anyone she pleased. There was a strong farmer from this side of Kenmare crazy about her, and I knew a police sergeant that was just out of his mind."

"And which did she take?" I asked indifferently, for my attention was ebbing fast.

"Neither one or other," he solemnly responded. "She would have no match drawn down, but was for pickin' and choosin', just like a lady! At the heel of the hunt, she took the worst of the pack—a good-looking boy from near Tralee, as wild for fun and dancing as herself; and sorra a penny or a penny's worth but a landing-net and a concertina. In spite of all that her mother could say, she would have Mick Slattery, and no one else, and so they were married. She has a whole house full of childer, and no work in her at all. She's smart enough in her dress, and keeps the youngsters tidy, but no more. She'll spend half the day standing in the door, collaguing and laughing wid the neighbours, or running off to the town, and she's at every dance and wake in the barony. Mick does half the work himself, and Mary is so funny and so clever he cannot say a cross word to her. Oh, she's a rare one to talk, and has always a word with the men; and a pick and a bit out of them!"

"But how do they live if he had nothing but a concertina?" I asked impatiently.

"Sure, Mick Slattery has a piece of the line and a good snug house at the level-crossing, so they don't do too badly, though she's a terror for spending."

"Well, old John, who was terribly proud of Mary, died, and his wife, well over seventy, was all her lone, and got very queer in her head. They say her mother was the same, though some made out it was tay-drinking; she never had the taypot out of her hand. Whatever it was, she was so mortal strange that Mick and Mary brought her home, and let her own house; but it wasn't better, but worse she got—terribly onaisy and restless, and worrying in herself. At long last, she bid them send for the priest, as she had something on her soul; and when he came she up and told him—and she told Mary, and she told anyone that would listen to her—and this was her story."

Here Pat took one or two loud sucks at his pipe, and then continued impressively: "What do ye think Katie giv out? That her child died—it was always droopy—and she could not bear to part wid the other. She loved it as if it was her own. Its father hated it, and would marry again, and rear a family, and never grudge her the little girlie at all; and so she sent off her dead baby to the grand place in England, and kept the stranger, who grew up lovely and strong and clever, and everything that was surprising for quickness and talk."

"Katie took great pride out of her, and soon forgot as she wasn't her own flesh and blood. And John Foley, he never knew; and he just lived for his daughter. Well,

this lasted for years and years, but now that Katie was growing old, her sin rose up before her, her conscience tormented her, and she said she must ease her mind before she died; and she made out she felt awfully bad, and that when Mary looked in her face, with her Ladyship's own eyes and her Ladyship's smile, she just stiffened in the bed!"

"And how did everyone receive this amazing news—what did they say?" I demanded.

"Faix, Mary only jeered at it for pure balderdash. She was a Kerry woman born and bred, and Irish came easier to her than English. To be an English Countess, and own castles and coaches and servants, and to wear a gold crown on her head, why, it would kill her if it was true! Her mammy was joking; she was her own little Mary, and no one else."

"And what did the priest say?" I inquired with rekindled interest.

"His Reverence gave it against Mrs. Foley too. Anyhow, she was too late. Thirty years had passed, and why go to upset a grand English family, maybe for nothing? Katie had no proof but her bare word; no document, no witness. Everyone laughed at Mrs. Foley's queer notion, and treated the story as being a fairy-tale. Mary was no English; there was not a lighter foot in a jig or a better warrant to sing an old Irish lament in all the countryside."

"Howsomdever, Katie used to whinge and whimper and moan, praying and begging leave to make restitution. She was altogether bedridden, and they had her within up in the room, and there she used to lie all day long, beating her two hands on the bare walls, and praying, and crying by the hour. Ye know, the head of her was not right; and her mother went the same way before her. She never called her daughter anything but 'Lady Mary'—that was her madness, ye see—and many a time she'd screech! 'Sure, them's not my grandchilder at all, but the grandchilder of the Earl of Mortimer—hasn't Johnny the very moral of his fatures—oh, wasn't I the wicked woman?—I had no scruple; may the saints pity me!—but the little warm, live child just caught me by the heart—how could I send her away and sit again by the empty cradle?'"

"Well, Katie carried on like this for a good while, no one minding the poor crazy creature—seeing, as I tell ye, her own mother was took in the same way! And in the end she died. She got the height of respect, and a funeral that cost ten pounds—two long ears, no less, and a losh of porter, and meat, and whisky. Faix, the Slatterys buried the old lady in style."

"And was that the end of it?" I inquired.

"It was the end of Katie," he replied; "but I believe, on me solemn oath, that there was something in her story, all the same. It's getting a bit late," he added, rising. "Me old bones is full of rheumatiz; I'm as stiff as a crutch, and I must be going before the dew falls, or me daughter will have me life."

"But, surely, not before you finish your story," I urged, as I also rose and followed him towards the avenue. "What grounds have you for thinking there was something in it?"

"Faix, it's no secret! Anyone could see it that had eyes in their head. John and Katie was as black as two crows. Mary has hair like a copper kettle, a white swan throat, a dancing eye, and a little weenchie hand. Oh, she's just the born image of her Ladyship. Now isn't that strange?" and he halted and looked hard at me.

"Not if she is her daughter," I answered promptly.

"Whisht!" he cried, turning about as if he was afraid that the very trees had ears. "Never let that pass your lips! I only think of it in my heart when I come here alone—as I do every Sunday."

"And has this strange likeness struck other people?" I asked.

"No, Sir. You see none of the neighbours had much chance of seeing the Countess. She was mostly out boating, or staying at home, and it's thirty years ago, ye know, and not many remembers whether her hair was black or yellow. Now, I saw her every mortal day—and for hours, too—and I can never forget her, for I never saw anyone like her for beauty; no, and never will again."

"Except Mary Slattery. Is she not admired and remarked all over the country?"

"No, I can't say as she is. She's too slim and small made for the Kerry folk, and has no great colour. They talk of her singing, and dancing, and clever smart chat within these three parishes, but no one thinks much of Mary's looks."

"I must confess that I should like to see her," I exclaimed.

"That's aisy enough," he replied, "if ye will give yourself the trouble to walk up some afternoon to the level crossing beyond the chapel. There ye will see Mary herself, standing in her doorway, wid a clean apron, and her hair as shining as new brass, ready to have a word and a joke wid the first passer-by, and the house behind her just scandalous! She has no heart for work."

"Well, you have told me a most interesting story, and I shall do my best to visit Mrs. Slattery," I said, as we came at last to a halt outside the gate.

"Yes, and it's Bible truth I'm after telling ye, and here our roads go different ways. Augh! not at all, Sir," he exclaimed. "Sure, I couldn't be taking your money! Well, well, then I'll not say agin the tobacco. I'm

thankful fer yer company, and for yer kindness to a bothered old man, listening to his quare foolish talk," and with a hasty nod, he turned his back on me, and hobbled away.

In a short time I, too, was rapidly leaving the woods behind me. In spite of the tangled undergrowth and its yawning ruins, Fota was a lovely spot, and I honestly marvelled that it had never found a second tenant, or that no one appreciated its beauty but this ancient retainer? And was his all mere foolish talk? I asked myself, as I hurried along. Truth was frequently stranger than fiction—why should not this be truth? The rugged old gardener, still haunting the spot where he had worked (man and boy), and conjuring up the image of the beautiful lady who had inspired him with such deathless admiration, presented a curious, not to say romantic picture! I think it occasionally happens that when one hears of an unusual circumstance or even name, or lights upon an uncommon story, it soon crops up a second time—or is corroborated in some unexpected quarter.

That very same evening Mary Slattery appeared as a topic of conversation and it was not I who introduced her, but Dolly, my vivacious sister-in-law.

"So you have been for one of your dreadful Sunday tramps," she remarked to me over the soup, "and seen a most beautiful spot. Well, I have barely strolled a mile and seen a most beautiful woman."

"That's a common sight in Kerry," I retorted.

"Yes, of a certain style—black hair, grey eyes put in with a dirty finger—but my discovery is of a different type. Chestnut locks, delicate features, graceful figure, she carries her head like royalty, and Vandyke would have been glad to have painted her hands—though they are rather red, I must confess!"

"Yes," I answered, "I know the beauty. She lives at a railway-crossing, and her name is Mary Slattery."

"Pray, how did you discover her?"

"I have heard of her," I replied evasively. "But how did you make her acquaintance?"

"Through one of her children who was swinging on a gate—a pretty little cherub called Johnny. I have quite a circle of new friends about here, and I know Mrs. Slattery pretty well. I've promised to go and see her to-morrow, and to take the children a cake and some clothes."

"Take me too," was my unexpected request.

"You are not in earnest. It is our last day, and you grudge every hour you have no rod in your hand."

"I'll give the fish a holiday to-morrow afternoon. I should like to see your wonderful beauty."

"And shoot her with a kodak."

"Happy thought; if she has no objection, I shall be charmed," I replied.

"She looks brimming over with good temper and goodwill. I dare say she will be delighted to sit, if you will promise her a copy; but I know perfectly well that, when to-morrow comes, you will have forgotten her very existence; and, by the way, you left your kodak at Killarney!"

But my lively sister-in-law was mistaken for once. Five o'clock the next afternoon found me escorting her along the high breezy road which runs parallel down to the line, carrying her offerings in the shape of a paper bag (half-a-dozen rather stale sponge-cakes, the best she could procure) and a large, mysterious parcel of soft goods. We soon came in sight of the white gate and the snug house beside it: this latter faced due south, was within about twenty yards of the line, and its commonplace face was almost concealed by a thick veil of crimson roses. Outside, on a reversed bucket, sat a slender auburn-haired young woman, engaged in knitting a black stocking, and endeavouring to keep order between four lively children, a puppy, a singed white cat, as well as a mixed multitude of presumptuous poultry, who crowded around, watching her every movement with expectant attention. She raised her head, then rose to her feet as we approached, greeting Dolly with a radiant glance. So this was Mary Slattery! Yes; and, although not locally credited with "looks," she was undeniably pretty—nay, even beautiful; with clear-cut, high-bred features, and, for all her peasant's clothes, an aristocrat to the tips of her little pink fingers!

"Ah, thin, sure it's too kind of your Ladyship to be thinking of these children!" she exclaimed, with a wonderful smile that lit up her whole face. (Her Ladyship's smile!) "Johnny, will ye take yer hand out of yer mouth, and say 'Thank ye!' nicely to the lady," for Johnny had clutched the paper bag in a vice-like grip—evidently cakes were a rare prize!

"You will share it with your brother and sisters, won't you?" pleaded Dolly in a coaxing key.

"An' to be sure he will; and bye maybe a bit for the dog and the cat too. He's no *nagur*," answered his mother, as she carefully portioned out the cakes among her clamorous offspring, whilst the chickens gathered anxiously around, hoping for crumbs.

"This is my brother-in-law," explained Dolly, introducing me at last.

"I'm glad to see yer Honour, and hope ye have had sport galore," she said politely.

"Pretty well, I thank you," I replied. "How do you like living so close to the rail, Mrs. Slattery?"

"Faix, I like it well enough, Sir; it's gay to see the trains going by—four a day—and two on Sunday, forebly the goods."

"And do you mind the gate?"

"Yes, when Mick is up the lines—that's himself," now pointing to a good-looking man, with a shock of dark hair, who was busily occupied in digging potatoes.

"Do you eat many potatoes?" asked my sister.

"Augh! no," with a gesture of abhorrence, "I hate potatoes; and when our bag of flour went astray on the train 'ere, last week, I was daggin' round for something to keep me alive—so I was!"

"And what did you find?" I said.

"Ned Macarthy give me a couple of salmon-trout. I've rather a delicate stomach—wid respect to you—I never can stir in the morning till Mick makes me a cup of tay."

"Then do you mean to say your husband gets up and lights the fire, and boils the kettle?" cried Dolly in great

trousers stood in the middle of the floor, a variety of cups and saucers, unwashed, studded the table, and the ground, littered with sticks and cabbage-leaves, was badly in need of sweeping. Mary Slattery's little hands were evidently incapable of rough work, but there were futile efforts at decoration! The dresser exhibited some gaudy delf, and various cracked pieces of crockery. There stood a huge bunch of wild flowers in a tin porringer, and on the walls was quite a gallery of coloured pictures from the illustrated papers. The window-curtains were looped back, and that in the most approved fashion, yet I descried an old goat under the stairs and a clocking hen behind the door.

Meanwhile Mick made a desperate effort to "redd up" the place. He carried away the tub, chased forth the goat, put forward two chairs, and endeavoured with the whole strength of his lungs to rekindle a few turves among the

the high-arched instep and slim little foot; and the hands that twinkled among the flying knitting-needles might have been painted by Vandyke, so delicate, taper, refined, and absolutely useless did they look! Mary Slattery had a sweet voice and a pleasant and melodious brogue; she and Dolly had much to say to one another. Dolly talked away and asked questions, and listened in return to accounts of funerals and wakes, dances, matches, and matchmakers.

"Them matchmakers does go up and down the country making matches," said Mrs. Slattery. "One of the pair must have land, and the other money, and when it is all fixed the young man comes to the house one evening, they are married at once, and if they are well liked, get a great drag home."

"But if the young man does not fancy the girl,



Outside, on a reversed bucket, sat a slender auburn-haired young woman, engaged in knitting a black stocking.

surprise. Nothing would induce her husband to do so, as she and I well knew!

"Oh, Mick is mighty good to me!" she confessed with a saucy smile. "Sure, he knows I'm not up to much!" Here Mick himself arrived, with a basket, and touching his hat to us, said—

"Won't the lady come in and take a sate, and a cup of milk? Mary, me girl, where's your manners?" It struck me that Mary would have infinitely preferred to lounge outside, knitting and talking, and had evidently not the true Irish instinct, which instantly offers a welcome, a seat, and, if possible, refreshment.

"Ah, sure, the house is all upset, and through other," she answered, reluctantly opening the door as she spoke, "and not fit for company. Still, I'll be proud if the lady will walk in and sit down."

On this invitation, we both walked in, and the dirtiness of the abode fully justified old Pat's strictures. It was scandalous!

The room was a good size, the furniture strong and useful; but the fire was dead out, a pot hung over a pile of white ashes, a tub with a half-washed pair of corduroy

pile of ashes. All this time Mary his wife, with true patrician unconcern, stood knitting, and talking to Dolly, precisely as if she were receiving her amid the most luxurious surroundings, and absolutely unconscious of any shortcomings.

Now if she had been a true-born Irishwoman she would have been pouring forth an irrepressible torrent of excellent and plausible excuses. And here, to me, was an incontrovertible proof that in Mary Slattery's veins ran no Foley blood, but that she was the descendant of a colder race—daughter of a hundred Earls! As she conversed with serene nonchalance, her four little bright-eyed children, with high-bridged noses, watched us with unchallenged curiosity, whilst they munched their stale sponge-cakes. Dolly, who was impetuous and voluble, made wonderful use of her tongue, and I on my part made use of my eyes. The young woman leaning against the dresser was plainly not in keeping with her background; her pose was grace itself, unconscious and unstudied—possibly the heritage of centuries of court life and elaborate courtesies. Her short blue cotton skirts revealed a pair of black woollen stockings and cobbler's shoes, but even these failed to conceal

what happens?" asked my sister, with raised brows.

"Oh, he makes an excuse. But that's very seldom," replied the other; "and the girl never. The old people take the money and clear out; the young ones has the farm and works it. The matches answer well enough; but I knew a boy once who never seen the girl till the morning they were married. Faix, he was not too well satisfied!" and she gave a mischievous laugh.

"I am sure your match was not made in that fashion," boldly announced Dolly.

"In troth, then, an' it was not!" replied Mrs. Slattery with emphasis. "Mick and I were at school together, and I was before him in the books. Wasn't I now, Mick?"

"Bedad, ye were before me in everything," he answered with a sheepish grin. "I often wondered where she got her brains from! She's mad for reading," he continued proudly, "and she'd be stuck in a book all day long if she could get hold of one."

"What part of Ireland do you come from, Mrs. Slattery?" continued Dolly. "You are not Kerry, at any rate. Anyone can see that!"

"Deed then I am, Ma'am," she replied emphatically. "And where else? Why wouldn't I be Kerry born and bred?"

"Because you are so unlike the other people, who have dark hair and blue or grey eyes, and are more strongly built. And you—"

"Oh, yes," she interrupted, "I'm aware I'm different. Very small sized, wild red hair and brown eyes, and no colour to speak of; but it's just a chancy thing, like a piebald horse or a blue-eyed cat! We can't be all cut out on wan pattern—there's the childer, too. None av them favours no one," pointing to the four infant faces, and fine aristocratic noses outside the door. "I don't know how on the living earth they come by their looks. Their fine soft hair, and their little ears—aye! and their queer tempers. Come in here to me, Micky," she added suddenly, "and pull a good few roses for the lady."

Micky immediately obeyed, and presently entered, bearing a large struggling bunch, which he at once offered to my sister without the least *mauvaise honte*, and the air of a little gentleman.

"That's the boy!" cried his mother approvingly. He was a handsome, well-made fellow, with a square chin and clear hazel eyes that looked you full in the face.

"Thank you, Mick," said Dolly. "How old are you?"

"Ten, Ma'am."

"And going to school, of course?"

"Oh, yes; I'm in the third book."

"What are you going to be when you grow up?"

"A soldier."

"Oh, there'll be two words to that," protested his mother. "What put soldiers in yer head, Micky ava?"

"I don't know rightly," and he coloured up. "I think they were always there. Mammy, there's a gools coming!" And he scampered out.

Mrs. Slattery instantly laid down her knitting and hurried after him.

"Are you not afraid of something happening to the children?" I asked, as we rose and followed her. "You are so close to the line."

"Indeed and I was, Sir, when they were little," she said. "I once got a terrible fright with Johnny. I'd only just time to tear him off the ground ere the train passed. I was away at the back, feeding the pig, when I saw the train coming very fast, and he had crawled out of his bed and on to the rails. Holy Mary! but I ran that day; I tell you, the fright knocked the heart out of me!"

"Oh, dear! I declare it is six o'clock, and we must be going," suddenly announced Dolly, looking at her watch.

"We shall just have time to run across before you close the gates. Good-bye to you all—*au revoir!*"

She hastened over, and stood and nodded back to Mary, whilst I dragged forward and shut the two heavy gates, for which service I was rewarded with a brilliant smile, and a demure little curtsy, and that was the last I saw of "Lady Mary Slattery."

"Well," exclaimed Dolly, as we turned our backs on the railway and our faces towards a long stretch of heather and a noble range of mountains, "now tell me frankly what you think of her. Is she not beautiful? Has she not an extraordinary air of refinement and distinction?"

"Oh yes; she's uncommon-looking and all that," I muttered in reply.

"Did you notice her low voice and her odd slow smile—a family smile, I should imagine? And yet, of course, I'm

talking the most arrant nonsense! Can you believe that her mother was some old Kerry woman who dug potatoes and smoked a pipe? Come, now, can you?" she repeated.

"No, I cannot," I answered doggedly.

"And yet there are her husband and her barefooted children, just peasants; and she talks of a rise of eighteen-pence a week to Mick as if it were the utmost bounds of her ambition. The first time I was there I gave her a sovereign, and you should have seen how she coloured up with pleasure, though she did not say much, and I almost felt as if I were offering it to an equal. One would take her for a lady if she were dressed up—a Somebody, in fact."



"Some old Kerry woman who dug potatoes and smoked a pipe."

"Yes, Lady Mary Slattery," I mentally added, and we walked on in silence for a considerable time. The Mortimers were a notoriously haughty family, ancient, exclusive, and wealthy; they had dwindled down to one rather frail old branch. What would the Earl of Mortimer say to this Irish heiress who fed pigs, and washed, and cooked (very badly); had adopted the religion, language, prejudices, and accomplishments of a Kerry peasant; who was the wife of a Kerry working-man, mother of four fine Kerry children? Could she ever be trained, educated, changed, and fitted for her high degree? Never!

"Come, you have not opened your lips for half a mile," broke in Dolly impatiently. "A penny for your thoughts. What are you thinking about?"

"That I hope we shall have cranberry tart for dinner," was my mendacious answer.

"Oh, you greedy person! I fancied you might be

puzzling out the enigma of the young woman at the crossing. I must confess that she baffles me. She is not the least like any countrywoman I've ever seen."

Should I tell Dolly or not? No.

"She's a physiological freak—she's a white crow! What business has she to feed pigs with those little taper hands? Tell me that!"

For my part I was not disposed to tell her anything; Dolly had on active and eloquent tongue, an insatiable curiosity, a world-wide correspondence. Why should I rake up old ashes, and possibly embroil myself with Lord Mortimer and his friends? Silence is golden. No, I would not speak. I would leave Lady Mary as I found

her—to her wash-tub and her gate! She appeared to be perfectly satisfied with that state of life into which God had called her—and who was I that I should interfere? Nevertheless, I entertained no shadow of doubt as to her identity, and felt a profound conviction that old Katie's story was true, after all!

THE END.

ECCLIASTICAL NOTES

The Bishop of Salisbury has advised his clergy to try a nine-o'clock matins with Holy Sacrament. This, he says, would give rest to old people, and yet be over soon enough to enable the young people to get their bicycle-rides without a sense of Sabbath-breaking. The parochial service would be over by 10.30 or 10.45. This would give time for cooking the midday dinner, and admit of Sunday-school for an hour before the parson has his.

The Bishop of Ripon has become Vice-President of the Dante Society.

The report of the Curates' Augmentation Fund is somewhat depressing. Grants have been made to 170 assistant-curates, whose average length of service was twenty-nine years, and average income rather less than £128 a year. There are still some 9000 unbene-ficed clergy, most of them with very small means. Every year that a curate of long service lives there is less demand for his labours.

It is stated that when the news of the murders in China reached England, no fewer than thirty clergy in the diocese of Durham wrote to their Bishop and un-reservedly placed themselves at his disposal for foreign service.

The Bishops are beginning to take action in regard to reservation. The Bishop of Worcester took the lead, demanding that reservation should cease. The Bishop of Southwell has sanctioned coincident administration. The Bishop of Ely declares

that reservation must be given up, not because it in itself is wrong or sinful, but because it is forbidden. He goes on, however, to say that he will take no coercive measures, lest he should drive some clergy to Rome.

Bishop Barry, who becomes a Suffragan for the diocese of London, takes this work up without additional stipend, and is to resign St. James's, Piccadilly.

The Rev. Dudley Rider, one of the C.M.S. party in Hausaland, has died. His loss is all the more felt as he was specially prepared for his work by a study of the Hausa language at Tripoli.

The stalls vacated in St. Paul's by two Evangelicals, Prebendary Richards and Prebendary Stanley Leathes, have been filled by High Churchmen, the Rev. W. Allen Whitworth and the Rev. J. Storrs

Beleaguered Kumasi.



THE BELEAGUERED RESIDENT OF KUMASI: SIR FREDERICK HODGSON.

Photograph by Jones.

LADY HODGSON.

Photograph by Jones.

THE FORT AT KUMASI, WHERE THE GOVERNOR AND LADY HODGSON ARE NOW BESIEGED.

THE PALACE OF KING PREMPEH

Photographs by Captain Darchard, 2nd West India Regiment.

MEN'S QUARTERS, KUMASI.

OFFICERS' HUT, KUMASI.

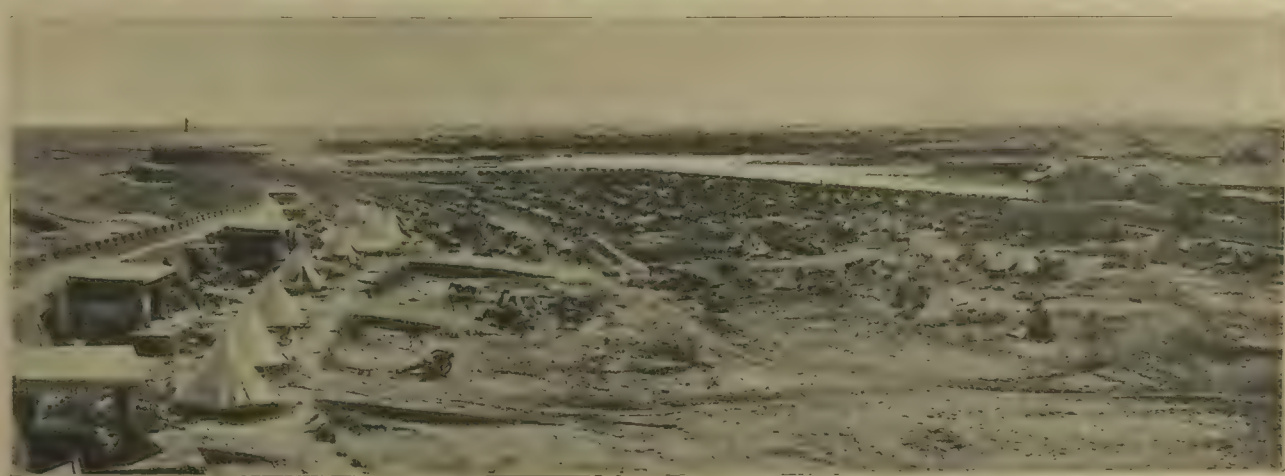
T H E C R I S I S I N C H I N A.



CHINESE SUPERSTITION: INVOKING THE GOD OF WAR AT THE GATE OF HIS SHRINE

The shrine of the Chinese god of war, deserted in peace, is thronged in time of war. Offerings and prayers are made at the shrine both by soldiers and civilians. At the gate of the temple hang thousands of equis interspersed with paper bombs strung on a rope. These are fired off with a deafening noise. The din and the fumes of nitre and brimstone are believed to appease the god of war, who will, therefore, protect his followers and give them victory. The ceremony, like other Chinese functions, is gone through gravely and without enthusiasm.

The Taku Forts.



THE TAKU FORTS AFTER THE CAPTURE IN 1899.

THE TAKU FORTS AFTER THE ASSAULT IN 1899.

Note the curious defences made of will bamboo sharpened at both ends and stuck in the ground.

NATIVE PLAN OF THE ATTACK ON THE TAKU FORTS BY THE ALLIED SQUADRON, 1899.

INTERIOR OF THE TAKU FORTS IN 1899.



C L E A R I N G T H E K O P J E S .

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

The dual throne of Austria-Hungary has never been a bed of roses to its occupants; within recent years it has become little short of a bed of thorns to Francis Joseph, who on the 18th prox. will complete his seventieth year. More than fifty of those threescore and ten years have been spent by the now venerable monarch in ruling one of the most unruly realms in Europe; and it is no exaggeration to say that no sovereign under similar circumstances has succeeded as well as he in preserving the affection of his own subjects and the esteem of the whole of the outer world. That Francis Joseph's reign has been fruitful in political, but especially in diplomatic mistakes, it would be idle to deny; but those mistakes, or downright blunders—which in statecraft, according to Talleyrand, are worse than crimes—were inherent to the system pursued by Austrian diplomats such as Schwarzenberg and Metternich, and must in no way be laid at the door of Francis Joseph, who throughout behaved with a moderation and dignity which distinctly stamp him as one of the worthiest and noblest men on the face of the globe.

Yet no man in his exalted station has experienced heavier trials and disappointments in his private as well as public life than he. When, on the morning of Dec. 2, 1848, he succeeded to the throne of his uncle, Ferdinand I., the new Emperor, less than eighteen years old, found himself confronted by the still smouldering embers of a formidable and scarcely quelled revolution. His advisers counselled reprisals on the leaders of the movement; the imperial youth refused to be guided by them. "I'll spare their lives, and in the course of time their sons, if not they, will become valuable helpers in the government of their unhappy country," he said. The prediction was at any rate fulfilled in one instance—in that of Hungary. Thus far and for the moment his foresight as a ruler and a statesman. Several years later he contracted what was absolutely a love-match with a Princess of Savaria, better known to the world at large as Princess Elisabeth of Battenfeld-Douze-Ponts. It is an open secret that the marriage thus contracted was not a happy one for long, and that years of private estrangement, not altogether hidden from the world's gaze, resulted from a very youthful peccadillo of a devoted husband, who, it should have been considered, was, in virtue of his exalted position, exposed to many more temptations than men of humbler birth. The late Empress of Austria refused to admit these extenuating circumstances, and her somewhat too severe judgment was never modified to any extent in spite of the sincere repentance of the culprit.

Francis Joseph's grief had the effect of making him still more kind to his immediate entourage, and of breeding a large-minded tolerance with the weaknesses of his fellow-men; and sometimes his fellow-men were women. His Italian dominions were wrested piecemeal from him. He bore his losses with a fortitude and noble resignation that compelled the admiration of those who had wrested his provinces from him. The short campaign of 1866 deprived him of his hegemony of Germany; Bismarck himself was bound to confess that no monarch ever bore his defeats with more imposing calm. Concurrently with his misfortunes as a sovereign, Fate dealt him an almost crushing blow as a brother and as the Head of the House of Hapsburg. His brother Maximilian, who, in spite of his elder's advice, had accepted an empire at the hands of Napoleon III., fell at Queretaro, pierced by the bullets of the noblest Republican that ever lived, Benito Juarez, whose life's record would have been absolutely stainless but for that one unnecessary crime.

Time went on, time that heals all grief, and Francis Joseph might reasonably look forward to an autumn less disturbed than the spring and the summer of his life had been. His son Rudolph, the hope of his dynasty and the joy of his life, was fast growing into manhood, and into a manhood that promised, if not to reverse the ancient glories of the ancient house, at any rate jealously and efficiently to preserve the remains of it. Fate was not tired of pursuing Francis Joseph. His heir died—whether by his own hand or by the hand of others, it boots not to inquire—in a mysterious adventure which could not add prestige to the Hapsburg record. A broken-hearted father, an heirless monarch, a deeply grieving if perhaps not altogether blameless spouse, the Emperor lived on, and then came the most terrible catastrophe of all. The idolised wife perished by the hands of an obscure assassin.

"Bella gerant alii, tu, felix Austria, nibe." (Let others carry on war; thou, happy Austria, marry.) Francis Joseph might well shake his head incredulously on reading his own motto. Its boast appears to have lost its spell for many and many a year, even if we do not go back farther than the ill-fated Marie Antoinette and the by no means inviting Marie Louise, who left the greatest genius of modern days to perish on a barren rock without bestowing a thought upon him, and who was almost utterly indifferent to the son she bore him, the Aiglon of Victor Hugo's poem and of Ibsen's play. The marriages of the Hapsburgs have not added to their happiness, even the one not determined by considerations of State. Francis Joseph's heir-presumptive—for only very lately there was a rumour that the septuagenarian monarch was to contract a second union—is determined that no such considerations of State shall stand between him and his personal happiness, and the kindly monarch has done well to sanction Franz Ferdinand's morganatic marriage with Countess Sophie Chotek. It matters little that the children of that union shall have no claim to the Austrian throne. In this instance Sydney Smith's question, "What has posterity done for us?" is perfectly justified. The future Archduchess—for Countess Sophie is, I believe, to be raised to that rank—belongs to a family of eminent statesmen. It was either her grandfather or her father who had the unenviable privilege of presenting Thiers in September 1870 to Francis Joseph, when the latter told the French envoy to recommend to his country dignified fortitude in defeat, as Austria had shown in her reverses of four years previously. The advice was lost.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

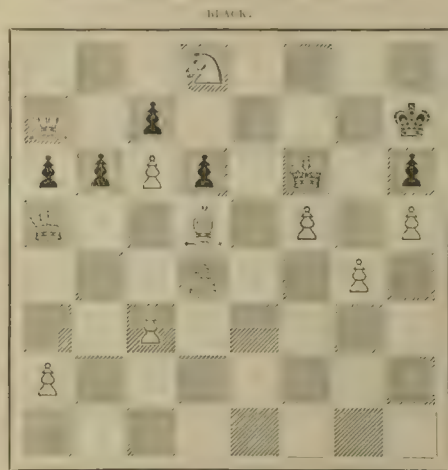
- H. M. PRIDMORE (Bristol).—We are quite in accord with your sentiments, and have much pleasure in further considering the position.
 H. F. MORTIMER (Mansions).—We regret we cannot trace either our acknowledgment of your problem or the problem itself.
 J. A. CHALLICE, H. N. C.—You must look at Mr. Healey's problem again. It is an honour to catch an expert like yourself tripping.
 H. A. SALWAY.—No. 814 is marked for insertion.
 G. REED, MARHAM.—The adhesive pieces on your diagram have fallen off. Will you oblige with a diagram marked with a pen?
 C. W. SUMNER.—Your problem appears correct, and shall be published shortly.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 221 and 222 received from: J. A. M. PENANCE; of No. 223 from T. Colledge Halliburton (Birmingham); of No. 224 from J. Muxworthy (Hove), Inspector J. T. Palmer (Nelson), T. Colledge Halliburton, W. H. Lunn (Cheltenham), W. M. Kelly, Worthington, Albert Wolff (Putney), Colonel Adolf Grumbler (Hungary), and W. Hoyer (Norway); of No. 225 from A. Fray (Colchester), R. Nugent (Southwold), Albert Wolff, J. Muxworthy, Colonel Adolf Grumbler, T. Colledge Halliburton, C. K. H. (Chilton), J. A. S. Handley (Birmingham), F. J. Candy (Norwood), James W. North (Bideford), and J. Bailey (Newark).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 231 received from: T. G. (Ware), Sharnford, T. Roberts, Rupert Rogers (Stratford), C. E. H. (Chilton), James W. North, F. J. Candy, P. W. Moore (Brighton), J. F. Moon, T. Colledge Halliburton, J. Muxworthy, W. M. Kelly (Worthington), A. Fray (Colchester), Edith Cooper (Rugate), M. A. Lallo (Edinburgh), Martin F. Henry A. Donovan (Liswell), Mary B. Canning, C. M. A. B. G. Stillington (Luton), C. H. A. Mays (Bideford), W. P. K. (Chilton), M. Hobbins, George Stewart (Woking), Charles Burnett, Albert Wolff, W. H. Lunn (Cheltenham), F. N. Brund, C. H. (Chilton), C. E. H. (Chilton), F. H. (Cheltenham), A. N. (Cheltenham), York, H. Le Jeune, R. W. (Worthington), T. Westhead (Manchester), M. A. Lallo (Edinburgh), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), F. B. Worthington, J. Williams (Dorchester), H. Meakin (Nantwich), John E. Porter, James G. Moore (Bridges of Allan), C. R. Shaw Stewart (Birmingham), and A. S. Handley (Birmingham).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 230.—By F. HEALEY.
 WHITE.
 1. B to Kt 4th
 2. R to Q 5th
 3. Kt mates
 If Black play 1. Kt to Kt 7th, then 2. Kt to B 5th (ch), B takes Kt; 3. R or B mates.

PROBLEM No. 232.—By L. W. VERNON HARGREAVES.



White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN SURREY.

Game played between Sir WYKE BATTLIS and Mr. C. REDWAY.

(Surrey's Opening.)

- | | | | |
|----------------------------------|-----------------|-------------------|----------------|
| WHITE (Sir W. B.) | BLACK (Mr. R.) | WHITE (Sir W. B.) | BLACK (Mr. R.) |
| 1. P to K 4th | P to K 4th | 22. Q to K 3rd | R to Kt 4th |
| 2. K to B 3rd | K to B 3rd | 23. B to Q sq | Q to K Kt sq |
| 3. P to Q 3rd | B to B 4th | 24. Q R to K sq | R to Kt 7th |
| 4. B to B 4th | Kt to B 3rd | 25. Q to B 3rd | R to B 5th |
| 5. P to Q 4th | B to Kt 3rd | 26. Q to K 3rd | Kt to Kt 7th |
| 6. P to Q 3rd | Castles | 27. Q to K 3rd | Kt to B 5th |
| 7. Castles | P to Q 3rd | 28. Q to K 3rd | |
| 8. B to Kt 3rd | R to Kt 6th | | |
| 9. P to K 3rd | B to B 4th | | |
| 10. Q to Q 2nd | Kt to K 2nd | | |
| Q to Q 2nd would be more useful. | | | |
| 11. Kt to B 4th | P to Q 4th | | |
| 12. P to K 4th | B to B 2nd | | |
| 13. B to Kt 5th | P to K R 3rd | | |
| 14. B takes Kt | P takes B | | |
| 15. Q to K 2nd | Kt to Kt 3rd | | |
| 16. Q to K 3rd | R to R 2nd | | |
| 17. P to Kt 4th | Kt to B 3rd | | |
| 18. P takes B | P to Kt sq (ch) | | |
| 19. K to R 5th | Kt to Kt 7th | | |
| 20. Q to Q 2nd | Kt to B 5th | | |
| 21. Kt to Kt sq | Kt to B 5th | | |

CHESS IN PARIS.

Game played in the International Tournament between

Messrs. C. SCHLICHTER and J. W. SHAWALTER.

(Key Lopez.)

- | | | | |
|-------------------------|------------------------|-------------------------|------------------------|
| WHITE (Mr. Schlechter). | BLACK (Mr. Showalter). | WHITE (Mr. Schlechter). | BLACK (Mr. Showalter). |
| 1. P to K 4th | P to K 4th | 19. R P takes P | R to B 6th |
| 2. Kt to K B 3rd | Kt to Q B 3rd | 20. K to Kt 2nd | R to Q 4th |
| 3. B to Kt 5th | Kt to B 3rd | 21. Kt (Q 4) to B 5 | B takes Kt |
| 4. Castles | P takes P | 22. B takes Kt | Kt takes Kt |
| 5. P to Q 4th | P to Q 4th | 23. P takes Kt | R to B 4th |
| 6. B takes Kt | Q takes P | 24. R takes R (ch) | K takes R |
| 7. P takes P | R to B 4th | 25. R to K sq | R to K B 3rd |
| 8. Q takes Q | K takes Q | 26. P to B 3rd | R to Q 4th |
| 9. Kt to B 3rd | P to K R 3rd | 27. R to B sq | R to B 5th |
| 10. R to Q 4th (ch) | K to K sq | | |
| 11. P to Q 4th | P to K 4th | | |
| 12. R to Kt 2nd | R to Q 4th | | |
| 13. Kt to Kt 2nd | P to Kt 4th | | |
| 14. P to K 3rd | P to K 3rd | | |
| 15. P to K 3rd | P to K 3rd | | |
| 16. P to K 3rd | P to K 3rd | | |
| 17. P to K 3rd | P to K 3rd | | |
| 18. P to K 3rd | P to K 3rd | | |

The players in the Paris Tournament sought a little rest during a contest of 18 days, played in the adjacent City of Orleans, and the following. The winners of this novel competition were Messrs. Fried and Schlechter.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

In all the range of the studies comprised under the wide name of natural history there are none which possess a greater attraction than those whereby the zoologist seeks to account for the origin of the various modifications of form and structure animals present to his view. It is such alterations from the type, as it were, that constitute the backbone of the idea of evolution as the method whereby the variation of life has been produced. It is wonderful to note how, in many cases, the whole organisation of an animal may be materially altered to effect a special end—that of the race living more successfully than before. If altered habits can produce, in due season, a changed constitution which is propagated onwards in the history of the race, the problem whether or not acquired habits can be transmitted should be largely solved.

The case of the flat-fishes is one in point. On the fishmonger's slab we see the sole, flounder, plaice, halibut, and others of their kind and kin. The reason why they are called flat-fishes is not difficult to discover. Apparently they are flat in the truest sense of the term. One surface, the uppermost, is dark coloured, the other being white. These two surfaces are popularly supposed to be respectively the back and belly of the fish. This idea is fostered by the fact that both eyes exist on the dark surface. If, however, we study the sole a little more closely, we shall find our first idea to be erroneous. The tail of a fish is set straight up and down, the flat of the tail corresponding with the sides of the body. Looking at the mouth, we also see that it cuts the body in two, as a mouth should, and, therefore, if the halves of the mouth correspond with the sides of the body, the sole again is seen to repose on its side and not on the belly surface.

Again, note the positions of the fins. Each breast-fin is situated on a side of the fish, as in all other fishes, and not on back and under surface respectively, and we see the back-fin fringing that region, and the other, or lower, fin fringing the real under-surface. Even if, after all, we come to the conclusion that the flat surfaces of the sole or flounder are really its sides, we have left one important feature unaccounted for. The eyes are both situated on one side of the body, the dark side. This is a puzzling feature, for by all the laws of anatomy these fishes should have an eye on each side, like their neighbours. Why, then, do the flat-fishes lie on one side, to begin with, and why do their eyes occupy such an anomalous position? Are questions the reply to which presents an admirable illustration of the remarks with which I commenced this little discourse.

When the fish is young we may see it swimming through the sea as any respectable infant fish should progress. It swims upright. Its back-fin is above, and its eyes are situated where nature places the eyes of other animals—one on each side of its head. So far, the course of development appears to be perfectly correct. But now ensues the "little rift within the lute" which alters very materially the developmental line. We soon perceive that the body of the young flat-fish is too deep for its breadth. It is like a boat without beam, and so it topples over, and the fish comes to rest on one side, its natural and most comfortable position. In this state the lower eye is buried in the sand. This is not the position in which an eye is calculated to be of service, therefore Dame Nature, in her quandary between leaving the flat-fish with a damaged optic and that of altering the facts to suit the case, wisely chooses the latter alternative.

Malm long ago saw the young flat-fishes twisting the lower and buried eye as if to bring it into use. The fishes tried to look round the corner of their heads, to put the matter plainly. The effect of this manœuvre repeated in the far past of the race has been to develop a natural alteration in the structure of the sole and its neighbours. For, sooner or later, the bones of the head undergo a twisting process, which brings the lower eye to what will be the upper side of the adult fish. This twisting process occurs to-day as a natural feature of the flat-fishes. How it was inaugurated I have just described. It arose through the efforts of the fishes to use the lower eye—efforts continued, no doubt, for countless generations before the desired result was attained. That which began as a necessary habit of self-preservation has passed into a stable feature in the development of the race. In further proof that this view of things explains the philosophy of flat-fishes, I could point to all stages and degrees in the transformation represented in the history of these fishes themselves. There are, for example, some of them which have the eyes placed one on each side of the head. There are some which rest on the right side, and some on the left, and there are a few other fishes—not flat-fishes—which rest on one side, which swim crosswise through the water, and which have the sides of their heads "somewhat dissimilar," as Darwin puts it.

So far, the case for alteration of an animal's structure to suit a special mode of life is amply proved, as also is the idea that the effects of habit are capable of being transmitted, so as to become permanent features of the race. But even here we do not end the story. We find further curious modifications setting in by way of aiding or effecting the transformation of the eyes. In some cases the long back-fin grows well forward in the body right to the snout before the lower eye is twisted round to the upper side, and in such cases the eye has to pass through the soft part of the fin below, to reach its new position. But in another case we know of, while the back-fin grows forward, but does not wholly mate in front with the body, there is a hole or passage left in the fin. Through this hole the right eye travels, and thus so to speak, passes right round the upper side of the head without interfering with the fin itself. Thus, there is a still stage between the twisting of the head before the back-fin grows forward as in ordinary flat-fishes, and those in which the fin has apparently barred the passage of the eye. Nature, as a rule, does things by stages and gradations, and so quietly but effectively brings her children to their quiet habitation.

Ingogo.

Inkwalo.

Majuba.

Laing's Nek.



A HISTORICAL BATTLE-GROUND—INGOGO, INKWALO, MAJUBA, AND LAING'S NEK: THE SCENE OF HOSTILITIES IN 1841. AND AGAIN A BATTLE-GROUND FOR THE NATAL FIELD FORCE IN MAY 1900.

From a Sketch made on May 30, 1900, by Major-General Coke, Commanding the 10th Brigade.



THE KHEWIE AT WINDSOR: HIS HIGHNESS STARTING FOR THE CASTLE FROM THE RAILWAY STATION.

THE NEW ART GALLERY AT BATH.

The new Art Gallery at Bath, erected in commemoration of the sixtieth year of the Queen's reign, was formally opened on May 29 by the Marquis of Bath and Sir William B. Richmond. The foundation-stone of the building was laid by the Duke of Cambridge in October 1897. The new Gallery, which is called the Victoria, forms a portion of an imposing pile of buildings, having for its centre the old Guildhall with two fine wings, the one comprising the new Municipal Buildings and the other the new Gallery and Technical Schools. The Art Gallery, which completes the northern wing, extends down Bridge Street to the corner of Newmarket Row, and the general lines of the elevation of the Technical Schools are continued. The design is in complete harmony with the remainder of the buildings which form this imposing block, the whole of them having been carried out from the plans of the same architect, Mr. J. M. Brydon, of London. The Gallery proper, with the reference library, etc., on the ground-floor, forms the main elevation towards Bridge Street. At the corner of Newmarket Row is the principal doorway, leading to the entrance-hall on the ground-floor and the vestibule on the first floor, with the staircase on the left and the entrances to the Gallery and Library on the right. Internally the entrance-hall and vestibule on the first floor are decorated with columns round the walls, and are paved with black and white marble. The vestibule is coiled with a dome in enriched plaster-work. From the entrance-hall on the right is the print-room, 38 ft. by 32 ft., and from that again opens the reference library, 50 ft. by 32 ft., the remainder of the ground-floor being occupied by a new board-room and a master's room for the Technical Schools. The vestibule on the first floor is reached by the staircase to the left of the entrance-hall; and immediately facing the archway is the door to the Art Gallery.

Mr. John S. Sargent, who is to remain in town during most of the summer, is proceeding with several portraits before settling down again to his decorative work for the public library at Boston, in the United States. Mr. Sargent has in hand, among his other portraits, a large group of three young ladies, the daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hunter, which will challenge and will bear comparison with the famous Wyndham group of this year, "The Three Graces" of the Prince of Wales's Academy Banquet allusion.

The obliging courtesy of Lord Ellesmere in allowing his pictures to be on exhibition recently was highly appreciated by the invited guests. The Bridgewater collection has long enjoyed pre-eminence among the private galleries of this country, but for certain obvious reasons its treasures are little known to the general public. The owner, the Earl of Ellesmere, is specially prevented from lending any picture, and as the finest works are hung in



THE NEW ART GALLERY AT BATH: THE ENTRANCE HALL.

rooms in daily occupation of the owner's family, it is only on rare occasions that the privilege of seeing them can be accorded. The true value of many of these most interesting pictures was seen for the first time, and the taste and knowledge shown in their purchase can now be fully appreciated. The "Bridgewater" Raffaele, which, in

Medici Gallery is, however, regarded as the most successful achievement of the administration.

Recent examination shows that the Tower of Babel, like many other national monuments, had been restored after the lapse of centuries. According to the most recent theory, this restoration was undertaken in the sixth century B.C. by Nebuchadnezzar, the original building having been erected forty-two generations previously. This would give as the date about 2000 B.C. which coincides fairly with ordinary Biblical chronology. The foundations, or vaults, below the actual base of the building, which is placed at Ctesiphon, about sixty miles from Babylon, have been measured, and show to be about 600 ft. wide. Upon this foundation a building about 700 ft. high was placed, and from this rose the Tower, composed of seven stages or floors, culminating in a temple or sanctuary about 60 ft. in height.

From this year's Academy we reproduce this week a fine character study by Mr. Seymour Lucas, R.A., a landscape by Mr. H. W. B. Davis, R.A., and a vigorous piece of sculpture by Mr. Mortimer J. Brown.



THE NEW ART GALLERY AT BATH: INTERIOR OF GALLERY.

WORKS FROM THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF 1900.

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THE KEEPER OF THE KING'S CONSCIENCE.—SEYMOUR LUCAS, R.A.



ÆNEAS LEAVING TROY.—MORTIMER J. BROWN.



EAST OF THE SUN, WEST OF THE MOON.—H. W. B. DAVIS, R.A.

SPECIAL NOTICE. To make room for the New Productions that they are manufacturing for the Autumn Season, HAMPTON & SONS are selling This Day at **CLEARANCE PRICES** all such of their Carpets, Chintzes, Cretonnes, and other Furnishing Fabrics, Linens, Lace Curtains, &c., as they have decided not to repeat, together with many odd lots of China, Glass, Furnishing Ironmongery, Upholstered Wicker Chairs, &c.

THIS DAY AND DAILY UNTIL SATURDAY, JULY 14, ONLY
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BRUSSELS CARPET, best 6-frame, usually 4s. 6d. are being cleared at 3s. 6d.
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Size.	Sold Everywhere at	Being Cleared at	Size.	Sold Everywhere at	Being Cleared at
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10.0 by 9.0	4 11 6	3 7 6	13.6 by 12.0	8 2 0	5 15 0
12.0 by 9.0	5 8 0	3 17 6	15.0 by 10.6	7 16 6	5 12 0
12.0 by 10.6	6 5 6	4 9 9	15.0 by 12.0	8 19 6	6 8 0
15.0 by 9.0	6 2 0	4 5 6			

A Large Selection of Made-up Brussels Carpets and "Old English" Carpets are being cleared at Great Reductions.

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A large accumulation of odd pairs of Curtains in Tapestry, Silk, &c., together with lengths of Tapestry, Tissue, Damask, Brocatelle, Silk, &c., are being cleared at **LESS THAN THE ACTUAL COST** of production, prices ranging from 13s. 6d. pair, 52 in. by 3½ yards.

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CHINTZES.—Single pieces of Chintz are being cleared at—
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 Damask Table Cloths, 2 yds. by 2 yds., 4s. 11d., 6s. 9d., 8s. 11d. each.

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LACE CURTAINS in white or ecru.
 Usually 4s. 6d. pair, being cleared at 2s. 11d. pair.
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 " 11s. 9d. " " 7s. 6d. "

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Irish Linen Hemstitched, 80 in. by 3½ yds., being cleared at 25s. 9d. pair.
 Linen Pillow Cases, 20 in. by 30 in., being cleared at 8½d. and 1s. each.
 Linen Pillow Cases, 22 in. by 32 in., being cleared at 14½d. each.

TOWELS.—Turkish Towels, hemstitched, being cleared at 10½d. each.
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LARGE QUANTITIES OF MOST USEFUL TABLE GLASS, DINNER BREAKFAST, TEA, DESSERT, AND TOILET SERVICES, CHOICE VASES, &c.,

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THREE BOOKS ON
PARIS.

"Paris," by Hilairo Belloc (Edward Arnold); "Where and How to Dine in Paris," by Rowland Strong (Grant Richards); and "Paris of the Parisians," by J. P. Macdonald (Grant Richards), are in their aim and scope widely different; and, to judge by their works, the three authors belong to three distinct schools. Mr. Belloc is a disciple of Edouard Fournier; Mr. Strong has evidently modelled his pages upon those of Nestor Roqueplan and Charles Monselet, while Mr. Macdonald has followed in the footsteps of Henri Murger, and turned aside now and again to catch hold of the coat-tails of the fast-receding figure of Privat d'Anglemont. It would indeed be churlish to complain of this, for even the greatest literary genius is always more or less indebted to someone who went before him; and it is much more sensible to appropriate a scrap of wisdom of others than to be a fool in one's own right.

From the purely archaeological point of view, or, to be absolutely correct, from the antiquarian point of view, Mr. Belloc's work is by far the most valuable of the three. It is by no means light reading, and therein it differs from Edouard Fournier's, who conveyed his information in a manner requiring less of a mental strain on the part of the reader. We must, however, bear in mind that Fournier wrote, as it were, for educated Frenchmen, who, being absolutely familiar with the high-roads of their history, did not mind following him into its byways and bridle-paths, secure as they were of being able to retrace their steps into the right direction. Mr. Belloc, wisely, did not credit the majority of Englishmen with such topographical knowledge, and had, therefore, to be careful not to tempt them from the beaten path. To get at a true estimate of his most painstaking labours, one should read his book over and over again. The perusal will result in a fundamentally solid



IN CHINESE WATERS: H.M.S. 'TERRIBLE.'

The "Terrible" landed 302 Officers and Men of the 2nd Battalion Royal Welsh Fusiliers to assist in the Relief of Tientsin.

Photo. S. Crybb, Southsea

historical knowledge of Paris. To recompense the brain-power thus expended, one could not do better in the intervals of rest than to repair to one of the restaurants described by Mr. Strong and to follow his counsels in every particular. Mr. Strong is a very good guide to the flesh-pots of contemporary Lutetia. If at times "he talks with the mouth with which the rich man eats his food," as the Germans have it; or, to put the matter more pertinently, if at times he writes with the pen with which the millionaire signs his cheques, he also gives us glimpses of moderate establishments where a healthy appetite need not be disturbed by the thoughts of "outtrunning the constable."

After a gorgeous or modest repast partaken of in accordance with the instructions of Mr. Strong, the visitor

to Paris—for whom, I surmise, Mr. Strong mainly wrote—could not do better than go in quest of some of the haunts on the *rive gauche* so cleverly portrayed by Mr. Macdonald—part of whose work appeared, if I am not mistaken, in the *Saturday Review*. Mr. Macdonald is very clever and very quaint, and rejoices in a distinctly individual style. Mr. Macdonald's is a stenographic mind, and his pen transcribes faithfully the signs and tokens left upon that mind by a curiously alert power of observation and an equally keen imagination. Mr. Macdonald is a kind of "lightning artist," with a pen instead of with a lump of charcoal. His sentences are short, crisp, and laconic; but it is the laconism of "la joie de vivre," and not the laconism of surliness and pessimism.

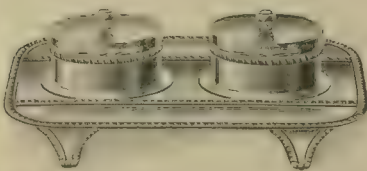
Whether, in spite of his decidedly able book, his readers will be enabled to see things as he does, is a question I cannot determine. When Turner had completed his picture of Covent Garden, and while it was still on the easel, he invited a lady to come and examine it. "It is most admirable, Mr. Turner," she said; "but . . . I also have been to Covent Garden, and certainly it did not strike me as it seems to have struck you. I fail to perceive things as you do." "Don't you wish you could?" laughed the artist. "A bon entendeur salut." A. D. V.

Messrs. Scrubb and Co. have just received a most valuable testimonial. It comes from the hon. secretary of the American Hospital-Ship Fund for South Africa, and reads as follows: "The Executive Committee of the American Hospital-Ship Fund for South Africa wish to testify to the great use of the Cloudy Fluid Ammonia sent by Messrs. Scrubb and Co. to the hospital-ship *Maine*, and to say what a great benefit it was to all on board. The antiseptic skin soap also was used with great success."

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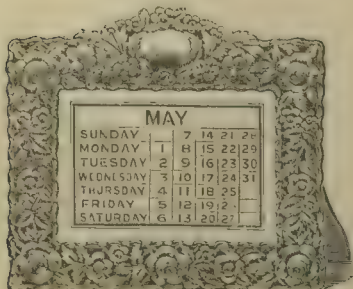
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS

The will (dated March 29, 1899), with two codicils (dated Feb. 24 and March 6, 1900), of Mrs. Anne Courage, of 56, Queen's Gate, widow of Mr. Robert Courage, of Snowdenham, Bramley, Surrey, who died on May 29, was proved on June 19 by Harold Michael Courage, the son, Raymond Courage, the nephew, and George Nicholas Hardinge, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £76,829. The testatrix bequeaths £2000 each to her nephew Colonel Edward Mayne Alexander, his god-daughter Caroline Evelyn Mann, the Rev. Marshall Turner, the Rev. John Percy Noyes, Emily Ann Lewin, and Jessie Lewin; £500 each to her executors; the lease of her house, 56, Queen's Gate, and the furniture and effects therein, to her son John Michael Courage; the furniture, pictures, plate, etc., at Snowdenham, to her son Harold; £3000, upon trust, for her nephew Robert Michael Alexander and his wife and children; £200 per annum to her daughter-in-law Frances King Courage, during her widowhood; her shares in the Army and Navy Co-operative Society to her grandchildren; £1000 each to her maid, Annie Whitehead, and her nurse, Louisa Hobbs; and other large legacies to her servants. The residue of her property she leaves as to one sixth each to her sons Oswald Michael Courage and John Michael Courage, one sixth to her grandson Robert St. John Willans, one sixth, upon trust, for her daughter, Anne Michael Pain, one sixth to the children of her son Godfrey Michael Courage,

and one sixth, upon trust, for her granddaughter Muriel Milly Michael Courage.

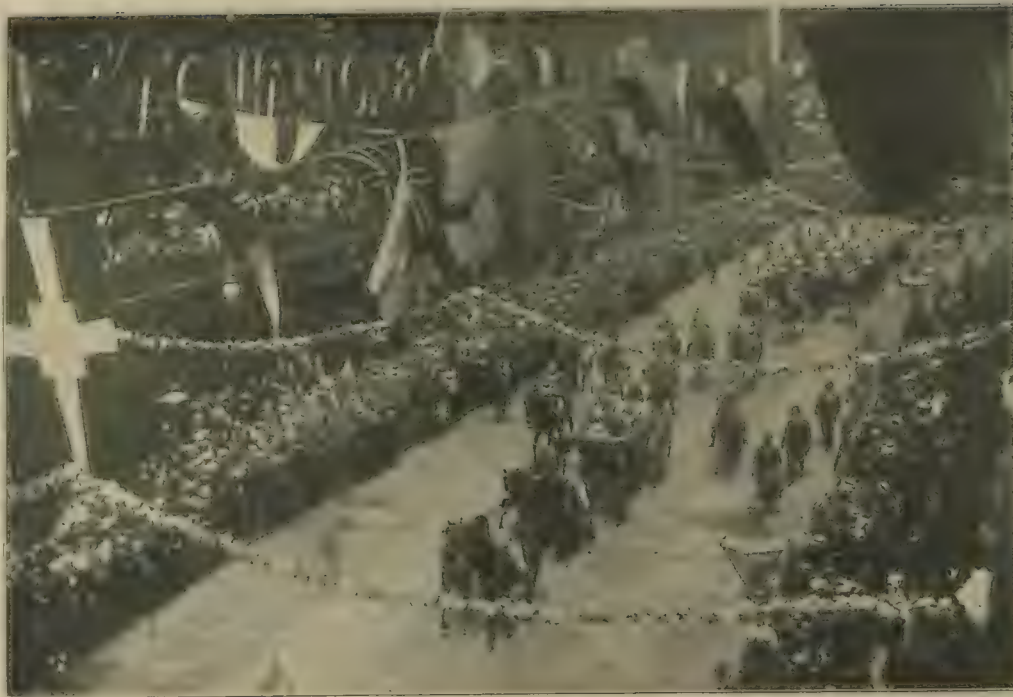
The will (dated April 9, 1896) of Mr. Arthur Bradshaw, of 30, Park Lane, and Newcrofts, Hillingdon, who died on March 22, was proved on June 23 by Arthur Evelyn Bradshaw, the son, one of the executors, the value of the estate being £62,343. After confirming the settlement made on his marriage with his wife, Mrs. Maud Annette Letitia Elizabeth Bradshaw, the testator gave £300, his plate, and his watch and chain to his son, and appointed the freehold premises called the "Roebuck," Cannon Street Road, upon trust for his daughter Mrs. Margaret Beatrice

to his son Charles Derwent Edwards for life, with remainder to his sons in tail general, but charged with the payment of £300 per annum to Mrs. Evans during her life. The residue of his personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for Edwin Evans Edwards, for life, and then to his son Charles Derwent Edwards absolutely.

The will (dated Aug. 11, 1877) of Miss Elizabeth Harriet Roach, of 9, The Paragon, Clapham Common, who died on Dec. 17, has been proved by George Matthews Arnold and Edward John Fooks, the executors, the value of the estate being £25,738. The testatrix directs that her heart be taken out and embalmed, and that her body be buried in

Good and her children. The residue of his property, including that over which he has a power of appointment under the will of his late father, he leaves as to three fifths, upon trust, for his son and two fifths, upon trust, for his daughter Mary Violet Frances Bradshaw.

The will (dated June 21, 1896) of Mr. Charles Payne Evans, J.P., D.L., of Llanstephan, Radnor, who died on May 15, was proved in London on June 20 by Mrs. Emma Evans, the widow, Edwin Evans Edwards, and Alfred Ormond Edwards, the brothers-in-law, the executors, the value of the estate being £26,738. The testator bequeaths £10,000, and all his furniture, household effects, carriages, horses, and personal articles to his wife; and £500 each to Alfred Ormond Edwards and Charles Edwards. He devises all his real estate in Hereford, Radnor, and Salop to Edwin Evans Edwards for life, with remainder



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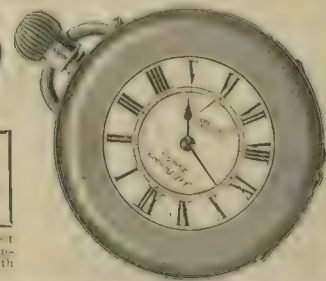
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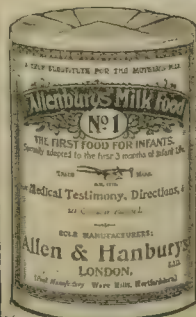
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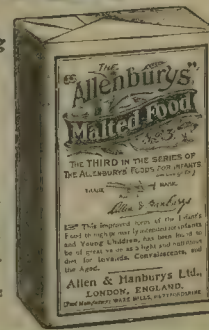
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a common wooden coffin in the Roman Catholic cemetery of the parish in which she may die. Subject to a small annuity, she leaves all her property to the Rev. William Kerr, of Manresa House, Rochampton.

The will (dated Nov. 28, 1878) of Mr. James Dymore Brown, of Reading, brewer, who died on Dec. 30, has been proved by Mrs. Janet Brown, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the estate being £47,711. The testator leaves all his property to his wife absolutely.

The will (as contained in twelve documents) of Mrs. Sarah Halfon, formerly Miss Sarah Rothschild, of 215, Faubourg St. Honoré, Paris, who died on Aug. 6, 1899, has been proved in London by Ernest Louis Franklin and George Solomon Joseph, the executors, the value of the estate in England being £22,215. She bequeaths, free of legacy duty, £1000 to the Jewish Board of Guardians; £500 to the Jewish Soup Kitchen; £500 to the Jews' Westminster Free School; £500 to the Jews' Infant School (Commercial Street); £200 to the Ventnor Hospital for Consumption; £200 to the Brompton Hospital for Consumption; £200 to the Jewish Hospital, Marienbad, Bohemia; £800 to the National Life-Boat Institution to build a life-boat to be called the *Sarah Halfon*, and to be stationed as near the port of Ramsgate as may be deemed advisable, having regard to the requirements of the coast; £300 to her executors, upon trust, to be applied at their discretion for the benefit of the poor of Ramsgate, in grateful remembrance of the benefits to her health derived from its fine air in her childhood; and £200 to the London Hospital for Stone. She directs her diamonds and other jewellery to be sold and the proceeds given to the National Life-Boat Institution to fund a life-boat, to be called after her mother, *Hester Rothschild*. Subject to certain legacies, the remainder of her property, passing under the English will, is to be held, upon trust, by her executors for such

charitable purposes as they in their discretion may think fit and the law allows. Under her French will she gives £25,000 fr. to the Governors of the London Hospital, Whitechapel Road, to found and maintain a bed, which shall bear the name of "Sarah Halfon"; 40,000 fr. to the University College, Gower Street, in order to found two prizes at that College, one of which shall bear the name of "The L. M. Rothschild Prize," and the other the name of "The Hester Rothschild Prize," for such subjects as the representatives of the College, in concert with the Grand Rabbi, the Rev. Dr. Adler, and Mr. Frederick Mocatta, will decide; 12,500 fr., all her printed books and the Roll of the Law in the handwriting of her great-grandfather to the Jews' College (Tavistock Square); 2500 fr. to the Home of Rest for Horses in England; 2500 fr. to the Dogs' Home (Battersea); and legacies to the Jews' Soup Kitchen and the Jewish Board of Guardians. These legacies are, it is understood, subject to the usufruct of her husband. She also gives the portrait of Napoleon I. in coronation robes (in very handsome frame) of Baron Gerard, inherited by Napoleon III. from Queen Hortense, and given by him to Dr. Cumeau, to the National Gallery (Trafalgar Square). There are also other legacies to charities in Paris. She appoints as her universal legatee of her French property the Charity Office of the 8th Arrondissement, Paris.

The will (dated July 24, 1899) of Miss Frederica Elizabeth Perceval, the last surviving daughter of the Right Hon. Spencer Perceval, of the Manor House, Ealing, who died on May 12, was proved on June 22 by Sir Horatio George Walpole, K.C.B., the nephew, and Arnold William Whittell Holt, the executors, the value of the estate being £15,891. She gives certain pictures and miniatures, as heirlooms, to her nephew Alfred Spencer Perceval: £1100 and £490 Artisans, Labourers, and

General Dwellings shares to her companion, Lucy Alice Simpson; and small legacies to relatives, executors, and servants. The residue of her property she leaves, upon trust, for the erection of a church and tower on the Elm Park Estate, Ealing, and she wishes a tablet to be placed therein bearing the inscription: "Erected by Frederica Elizabeth Perceval, last surviving daughter of the Right Hon. Spencer Perceval, to the glory of God and in memory of her father, who was assassinated in the House of Commons in the year 1812."

The will of General James E. T. Nicholls, of Belmont, Baird's Hill, Broadstairs, who died on April 27, has been proved by Jasper H. E. Nicholls, the son, and the Rev. R. St. John Parry, the nephew, the executors, the value of the estate being £11,950.

The will of General Sir Frederick Marshall, K.C.M.G., of Broadwater, Godalming, who died at 9, Eaton Place, on June 8, was proved on June 21 by Dame Adelaide Laura Marshall, the widow, one of the executors, the value of the estate being £9131.

The will of Mr. Edward Carrier Smith Tompson, of The Shrublands, Iwer Heath, who died on May 1, was proved on June 20 by Mrs. Frances Rosa Tompson, the widow, the value of the estate being £19,079.

The death is announced of the Rev. Dr. Flavel Cook. He had long lived in retirement, but at one time was a conspicuous figure. When at Clifton, he repelled from the Holy Communion a parishioner, partly on the ground that he expressed his disbelief in the doctrines of eternal punishment and the existence of the devil. It was decided that "no legal cause of repulsion was shown." He retired in 1891, and he had lived since then in Cheltenham. Dr. Cook fought his battle with great courage and persistency.

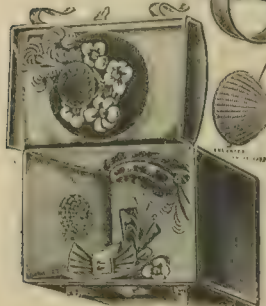
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE" REVIVED AT THE SAVOY. It is a long vogue which Gilbert and Sullivan extravaganzas has enjoyed at the Savoy. Consider "The Pirates of Penzance," which celebrated last week, twenty years after its original production, its second London revival. One might have imagined that, even for Savoy patrons, the inverted ethics, the topsy-turvy humour, the satirical romance of "The Pirates of Penzance" convention, the familiar waltz refrains of Sir Arthur Sullivan's score, might have become tediously hackneyed. But no; the old story of gentle pirates and timid policemen, the tasteless joke which roars over an elderly woman's unhappy love-affair, the ever-gay but rather attenuated Sullivan melodies, were hailed on Saturday evening with rapturous enthusiasm. The truth is, the Savoy public is little less of an anachronism than Savoy opera, and Mr. Gilbert was happy long ago in hitting on just that gracefully insipid and respectable entertainment which suited suburban tastes.

Still, so prettily dressed, so well interpreted, is the present version of "The Pirates of Penzance" that it may be regarded as something other than the relic of a famous institution. Perhaps Miss Isabel Jay and Mr. H. A. Lytton score most on this occasion. Miss Jay is a dainty heroine who sings her vocal waltz with artistic piquancy, and Mr. Lytton as a modern Major-General, who is made up rather like Lord Roberts. Meantime there is an admirable tenor in the company, Mr. Evelt by name, and he finds a capital foil in Mr. Jones Hewson, a picturesque and deep-voiced pirate king. As for Miss Brandram, she is a contralto Mr. Carte could hardly replace; but it is surprising Mr. Gilbert should allow his chief comedian, Mr. Passmore, to gag the police-sergeant's well-known ditty and embroider it with American and other accents. That the trick pleases the Savoy audience is no disproof of its banality.

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MUSIC.

The second cycle of Wagner's "Nibelungen Lied" last week was chiefly remarkable for Frau Gulbranson's Brünnhilde. It was a dramatic performance, and an original one. Frau Gulbranson has a beautiful voice, that is powerful enough to carry her through the severe strain that is put upon her as the Valkyrie, and this is assisted by her artistic and vigorous conception of the part—a conception that is not so tender and womanly as Fraulein Ternina's Brünnhilde, but one that shows, nevertheless, an intellectual grasp of Wagner's ideal in the scenes with her father, the angered Wotan. Herr Slezak was a Siegfried younger and more full of vitality than is usually to be seen at Covent Garden; his impetuosity was a great charm, relieving much of what so many opera-goers conceive to be monotonous and arid. Wotan, on the contrary, was not so humanly handled by Herr Deitman; his voice was neither so fresh nor so full of light and shade. Fraulein Ternina, it is practically superfluous to say,

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was to the most critical a delightful Sieglinde. Even the Master himself would have been content. Miss Edith Walker's Fricka deserves also special commendation.

The disappointment was very great when again M. Jean de Reszke, under medical direction, was forbidden to appear in both "Lohengrin" and "Faust." The Opera this week has a catholic selection; three of the chosen operas are those of Wagner, in one of which M. Jean de Reszke hopes to sing on Wednesday night—"Meistersinger." This comes between "Lucia di Lammermoor" and "Carmen." Puccini's "La Bohème" will be repeated on Friday night, but it is not until July 12 that Puccini's new opera, "La Tosca," will be given for the first time in London.

Last week Miss Adelaide Burton made her professional debut in a concert given by her at the Steinway Hall. The concert was very successful, for, unlike so many aspiring concert-singers, she more than justified the warm appreciation of her friends. Miss Burton possesses a beautiful voice, highly trained by Tosti, her master; with a clearness and precision of phrasing that is most refreshing. There was a refinement of style that was almost ultra-fastidious, but there are golden possibilities in her voice, charming as it now is, when life has brought to this very young and beautiful singer a fuller and more

passionate power of expression. Songs of Schubert, Grieg and Bemberg, and of Tosti were sung really faultlessly, and as a long-demanded encore she sang a graceful setting of "The night has a thousand eyes."

The farewell concert has an essential melancholy; Madame Lillian Blauvelt's at the Queen's Hall on June 27 was no exception. Mr. Robert Newman arranged an excellent programme for it, before this American singer—who is thought by many to be the best concert-singer we have, had this season—departs for a long concert tour through her own country. Her purity and flexibility of voice are beyond criticism, and the songs selected, though not in themselves very interesting, were admirably suited to her style. Most especially was this so in Handel's "Skylark," arranged by Mrs. Bunten; and in Schubert's "Der Hirt auf dem Felsen," which was sung by special desire. A sonata of Beethoven, written for the piano and violin, was played by M. Ysaye and Signor Busoni with delicacy and poetry. This, the last sonata that Beethoven wrote for both violin and piano, has been happily described "as a semi-confidential utterance, in which we seem to meet the master *en intime*."

It is a platitude to say that at the last of Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch's series of concerts the programme consisted entirely of old music and of old instruments. No composer's

work was later than 1750; and that was practically unique, for it was a sonata of Pietro Locatelli, written for the flute, the viola d'amore, the harpsichord, and the viola da gamba. That does not make it unique; but the fact that the part for the viola d'amore was written entirely on the lower strings does, for even Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch has only met with two similar pieces of music. This one was taken from a very faultily transcribed manuscript copy in the British Museum, in which, as he told his audience, he took hours to discover the hundreds of mistakes. Another item of more than usual interest was a song with Robert Herrick's words, "Deare, if you change," the music written for a lute accompaniment, fantastic and elaborately ornate, by the most celebrated player on the lute, John Dowland, in the year 1597.

On Tuesday, July 3, at the Queen's Hall, Miss Nora Dane gave her second public concert since her coming over from Australia. She has a soprano voice of considerable sweetness and strength, and sang two operatic selections. It was with M. Bemberg's song, "Chant Hindou," that she pleased her audience most, and her encore, "Kathleen Mavourneen," showed better than any of her songs the tenderness of her voice. Miss Ada Crossley was quite perfect in her song, "A dream of you," in which the composer, Mr. C. Willeby, accompanied her.

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TURNING HOME THE LAST OF THE COMMANDO.



PREPARING FOR THEIR ENTRY: THE GUARDS CLEARING THE SUBURBS OF JOHANNESBURG.

Drawn by R. Caton Woodville.

REMINISCENCES OF MAFEKING: WITH THE RELIEF COLUMN.

From Sketches taken on the Spot by an Officer of the Relief Force.



THE ENGAGEMENT OF MAY 13 NEAR MARITSANI: TWO "POM-POMS" IN ACTION.

Of the Royal Artillery gunners (three to each gun) one was wounded in the leg. The action was fought amid thick bush and many trees.



THE ENGAGEMENT OF MAY 16 OUTSIDE MAFEKING.

The Sketch shows the ruins of the Kaffir Kraal. At the extreme right are Colonel the Hon. H. White and Major Baden-Powell watching the enemy. The troopers lying down to fire belong to the Rhodesian Regiment.



THE EVICTION OF DIOGENES.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

Jan Oxber. By Orme Agnus. (London: Ward Lock. 6s.)
Blix. By Frank Norris. (London: Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.)
Studies in Love. By Maude Egerton King. (London: Dent. 4s. 6d.)
Annals of Sandhurst. By Major A. Mockler Ferryman. (London: Heinemann. 10s.)
Somerley: Schooling and Undergraduate. By Gilbert Swift. (London: Elliot Stock. 6s.)
Little Lady Mary. By Horace Hutchinson. (London: Smith, Eder.)
The Unknown. By Camille Flammarion. (London: Harper's.)

Hitherto Orme Agnus has only been known to us as a writer of short stories, remarkable chiefly for a certain quiet humour and for their true insight into the lives of the countryfolk. But "*Jan Oxber*" touches a deeper note, and goes very near to the heart of things. The old, pleasant humour is not wholly wanting—for Orme Agnus is artist enough to be aware that life at its worst is never quite black—but it is kept strictly in the background, and "*Jan Oxber*" is, in the main, a sombre tale enough. It is the old story of a woman's weakness and her undoing, but it is told with a delicacy and forcefulness that are in themselves a sufficient *raison d'être*. In our reading we were more than once reminded of "Adam Bede." "*Jan Oxber*" should make its mark. Orme Agnus, like Mr. Thomas Hardy (only they are utterly unlike, viewing life from totally different standpoints), is an exponent of Wessex, and the several stories in this collection all bear on the life of the West Country. "*The Taming of a Shrew*" is certainly the most original of the slighter sketches, and among these children of nature such an incident as it records may be possible—it reads like truth, despite its strangeness. The end of "*Leonard Seal's Wife*" is a foregone conclusion; in fact, the story is below the level attained in the rest of the volume. "*The Conversion of Silas Danson*" touches on the religious life of the villager, and displays a close and sympathetic observation; there is a genuine ring that redeems it from the smallest suspicion of mawkishness.

"*Blix*" is a singularly fresh and pleasant book, and it is quite free from any taint of decadence; it is delightful to meet with a heroine so wholly free from all false sentiment: she is never, even for a moment, introspective (happy creature!), nor does she seem to imagine that she is doing anything out of the common; and yet she makes a man of her clever, impetuous, but unstable lover. Clear-eyed love saw his weakness, and set herself to cure it. Do not run away with the notion that *Blix* sermonised—Condy would never have stood that; instead, she threw herself into his pleasures and pursuits, taking advantage to the full of that wholesome freedom which is the birthright of the young American girl. *Blix* was not particularly clever—or particularly anything: just a natural, healthy girl, eminently sane, and with a mind of her own; a woman who dispensed, on occasion, with the minor conventions, very much as the dragonfly sheds his skin that he may wing his unfettered way in the sunlight. There is a charm and quality in Mr. Norris's style that lures the reader on from page to page; his word-pictures are crisp and vivid, and San Francisco becomes known to us as we wander in China Town, or walk down Clay Street with *Blix* and Condy. We laugh with them when they are gay—which happily is not seldom—and when the culminating moment does arrive and love declares itself, we are happy and relieved. Mr. Norris is to be congratulated on having given us a pleasant book.

Miss King's dainty little volume is aptly styled "*Studies in Love*," for studies they are, and scarcely stories at all; there is little enough either of incident or conversation, but what Mr. Stevenson has called "The reason of the cause and the wherefore of the why" is pursued with unflagging energy and patience. On the whole the result is good. Miss King's analysis is minute, and her diagnosis often correct; she obviously knows a great deal about love, but occasionally she tells too much. We once heard a lady dilate with great *empressment* on a novel which she intended to write. Her hearer was a silver-haired old gentleman. "Madam," he cried, in accents of genuine terror, "for heaven's sake don't tell us all you know." More than once, in our perusal of "*Studies in Love*," our sympathies were alienated by this inexcusable lack of reserve. Only a sentence or two—but they were sentences which should never have been written. Still, there is much in the volume which merits not only praise but sincere admiration. "*Love in the Woods*" is natural and charming, and betrays the writer's intimate acquaintance with the world of nature. In "*A Helpmate*," as in "*Dr. Delaney's Experiment*," a note of pathos is struck which never once rings false, and it is only when this can be said that the sorrows of the human soul have been legitimately used by the artist in words.

The reader lays aside the "*Annals of Sandhurst*," having read rather less than one-third, with a strong sense of injustice done him by the author. When you take up a substantial book of some 318 pages, and find that the reading matter ends on page 98, a feeling of resentment is pardonable, more especially when those ninety-eight pages, or most of them, have provided you with so much amusement as Major Mockler Ferryman's reminiscences and anecdotes of the R.M.C. past and present. Two hundred and odd pages of cricket and rifle scores, athletic records and old playbills, may be useful to some for reference, but they are emphatically barren of entertainment to the majority of readers, who are likely to feel themselves defrauded. The book is an excellent one as far as it goes. The author traces the history of the college from its foundation in 1802, when

grip the reader. We have certainly found this quality in "*Somerley*," but, on laying down the book, are conscious that we cannot define its merit or attraction. It is a very simple story: a man writes of the life of his greatest friend, in childhood, at school, and at Cambridge. The book is not particularly well written, yet somehow it is a book to be read through at a sitting. It is a human document, and we hasten to say that the habit of restricting that phrase to sordid and unpleasant themes is quite unjustifiable. Here is a real boy, a real young man; he is a man one would have liked in real life, and it is pleasant to read about him. The Cambridge scenes are particularly well drawn.

Why should Mr. Hutchinson give up to golf what is meant for mankind? The question is pertinent enough, for "*Little Lady Mary*" shows that the charming style which Mr. Hutchinson has devoted to descriptions of the links is equally appropriate to fine and intimate description of human character in fiction. The *verve* of this book is admirable, and there is much more in it than brightness and swiftness of narrative: there is gay seriousness. Mr. Hutchinson is not a mere stringer together of hurrying incidents; by no such material means does he quicken your interest; he is an observer of character and the issues thereof, and so his work has inevitable movement. He does not profess to be more than a modest observer, it is true; and doubtless the want of pretension in the book is one reason of its *verve*. But Mr. Hutchinson ought to be more than a modest observer. He could write an excellent long novel.

It is likely that many searchers after hidden truth will welcome the translation of M. Camille Flammarion's "*L'Inconnu*," now published in England under the title of "*The Unknown*." By reason of his long and honourable career, on account of many years devoted to profound study, M. Flammarion would be entitled to our respectful hearing, if he had not already made friends in this country by publishing works interesting and erudite on many subjects. He has now ventured boldly into the realms of the unknown, and made an attempt to classify various phenomena that have hinted, since Samuel raised the Witch of Endor, if not before, of forces that will reveal some side of their nature to the human mind. "*The Unknown*" consists of a suggestive and stimulating introduction, scholarly chapters on Credulity and Incredulity, and some hundreds of cases of telepathic communication, hallucinations, thought-transmission, and premonitions. M. Flammarion's conclusions are: (1) That telepathy can and ought to be henceforth considered as an incontestable reality; (2) That minds are able to act upon each other without the intervention of the senses; (3) That, though its nature is yet unknown, psychic force exists. Sceptics, and the more cautious people who are content to acknowledge their own ignorance, will join in approving the effort that is being made to lift the veil surrounding so many sides of existence. The attempt is almost as old as history, but down to the present we have not seen many serious efforts made by responsible people of our own race.

In parts of Africa, in the vast territories of the East, stretching from Palestine, where Faith spent its childhood, to the China Seas, adherents of beliefs we either ignore or despise have knowledge we cannot yet hope to understand, for our contempt is reciprocated and their secrets are religiously kept. We have noted the strangest cases of telepathy and premonition among the high-thinking, simply living adherents of the creeds that accept predestination as the key to existence. Most of the people called "false prophets" have owed their influence to such gifts. The temperament of the East is apparently more fitted to receive certain of Nature's secrets than that of the West, and in Western Europe we have yet the simplest forms of occult manifestation to study. The commercial value of manifestations has enabled strangely gifted people to turn their powers to an ignoble use, while borrowing from the stage all that might heighten the natural effects. On this account, it is well that a *savant* like M. Flammarion, so fortunate in style, so modest in assertion, and so strong in belief, should come to the rescue of the phenomena we are learning to associate only with charlatans, and should point out that the abuse of these gifts does not imply their worthlessness to man. In England we have seen several notable attempts to systematise the phenomena of the unknown, since the publication in 1875 of "*The Unseen Universe*." Let us hope that M. Flammarion's latest work will stimulate endeavour in this country.

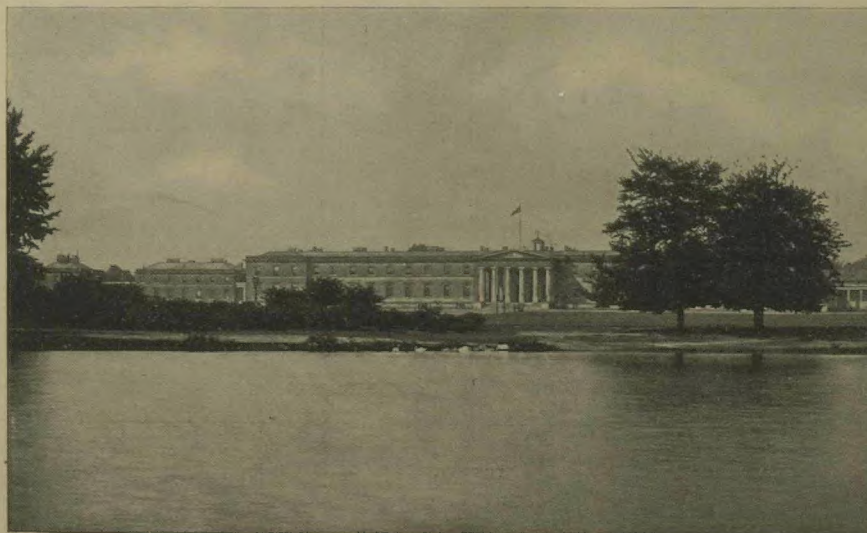


FRONTISPIECE TO "JAN OXBER."

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it was established as a school for boys, through its various phases down to modern times. He gives a very fair idea of life at Sandhurst in the old days of bullying and systematic espionage, and also in later years, when more enlightened methods encouraged the cadets to conduct themselves in a manner more becoming their station and profession. The history of Sandhurst certainly furnishes some eloquent examples of official mismanagement and stupidity; and what is more to the chronicler's purpose, it of necessity furnishes an invaluable mine of anecdote, which mine the author has worked to some purpose, but which he has by no means exhausted. We could well have spared those cricket scores and official appendices for more concerning the doings of graceless and enterprising cadets.

Sir Walter Besant, who ought to know something about popular novels, is reported to have said recently that the only question he cared about was whether a book could



SANDHURST COLLEGE, FROM THE LAKE.

From "*Annals of Sandhurst*," by permission of Mr. William Heinemann.

AT THE BOOKSELLERS.

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